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THE AXIS v. THE REST

ANYTHING less than a slap in the face is regarded by the British press as a compliment nowadays. Hence Mussolini's speech declaring that if the democracies tried to get together, the Axis Powers would attack them in every part of the world was welcomed as a hopeful speech of uncommon moderation and friendliness. The Duce referred to Tunis, the Suez and Jibuti; he omitted references to Corsica and Nice and left it to Signor Gayda to add that Italian planes could now bomb London. Peace, he explained, was not in the long run compatible with civilisation, but he preferred it for some time longer, at least in the Mediterranean. Why was he not more direct in his demands? The answer, we suppose, is that the lower end of the Axis does not regard the recognition of Abyssinia and the conquest of Spain as sufficient offsets to Hitler's conquests in Europe and hopes to gain something by negotiation pending the time when the Führer, now very fully engaged elsewhere, has time to consider the Mediterranean. Moreover, Mussolini is far from comfortable about the thought of Hitler's help: it may include a push to the Adriatic. His demands were therefore limited and indefinite; considered alone they would be a perfectly possible subject of negotiation. M. Daladier replied on Wednesday night in a sensible speech, pointing out that though France could not yield territory or "vital interests," the usual diplomatic channels of negotiation were open to Italy at any time. The trouble, he said, was how to trust the Duce not to make every concession the basis for another demand. The truth is that Italy and France would not quarrel about shares in the Suez, the control of Jibuti or an improved status for Italians in Tunis; these would in themselves be absurd and impossible grounds of war. But since Mussolini is part of the Axis, and since Italian rights in Tunis might very quickly mean a threat to Bizerta, which is France's greatest stronghold in the Mediterranean, M. Daladier and M. Bonnet, who has in fact been busily engaged for some time in negotiations with Italy, may fear that a new "Mediterranean agreement" would be no more lasting than Munich. They would pay anything to buy Mussolini: they have paid away their Southern frontier and surrendered a friendly democracy to Fascism and the Axis in doing so. But they have not yet decided to give up the African Empire.

* * *

While France and Italy skirmish in the Mediterranean, Germany presses on Poland. Once again everyone knows that Poland would not stand on Danzig and that if Colonel Beck, one of the most consistent of Hitler's

friends in Europe, can find a way of coming to terms with Germany he will. But with the example of Czechoslovakia in front of them, the Poles know well enough that an invitation to enter the Anti-Comintern Pact means an invitation to be a vassal of the Reich. Yet Colonel Beck, whose anti-Soviet sentiments are as well known as M. Bonnet's or Hitler's, will do most things to avoid accepting Russian help. Very naturally, too, Poland fears that, unless Britain and France are prepared to give the most public undertaking to take measures against Germany in the West in the event of an attack on Poland, any help that is accepted from Russia means at least the danger of an anti-Bolshevik war fought on Polish soil. Colonel Beck is expected to arrive in London on Monday for discussions. The Polish situation is strikingly similar to that of Czechoslovakia last summer. A direct attack by Germany now would mean war with the Poles in their present mood. The Führer does not want war on two fronts. He will presumably temporise, and rely for victory on pressure, utilising the collaboration of his friends within and the disunity of his opponents without.

* * *

Surveying this situation we believe it to be even more grave than that of last summer. The genuine conversion of Lord Halifax and Mr. Chamberlain's genuine dislike of being publicly fooled by Hitler and the increased revolt in the Tory Party here led to a belated and partly sincere attempt to revive collective security. Realists fear that as soon as Hitler has secured himself in the East, neutralised Poland and isolated the U.S.S.R., nothing will stop the two Dictators from presenting the West with the choice of "war or surrender." The forces making for a last-minute effort to arrange an Eastern and Western alliance against Hitler did advance some distance, but they have again receded, and all those who still hope for a Four Power Pact and friendship with Hitler and Mussolini have got to work behind the scenes in France—and to a less extent in Britain—just as they did in the Runciman period of the Czech crisis.

The Not-So-Grand Alliance

The Prime Minister could tell the House on Tuesday very little about the progress of the Peace Front. Negotiations, he said, were continuing; the Government had in mind collective action going "a great deal further than mere consultations"; and it had been made "perfectly clear" to the other Governments concerned what Britain, "in certain circumstances," would do. Two questions, however, remain to be answered: who are to be the signatories of the proposed mutual assistance pact, and can the British Government's undertakings be sufficiently precise to persuade the Powers most obviously exposed to possibilities of German invasion that it is worth their while to risk incurring the hostility of the Reich by joining an anti-Axis front? It now seems probable that the U.S.S.R. will not be invited specifically to promise active military co-operation. The present suggestion, therefore, is that a solidarity pact should be signed in the first instance only by Britain, France, Poland and Rumania, but that it should be open to later adhesions by such other Powers as cared to join. But if the U.S.S.R. is not included and has no commitments—except possibly an understanding to supply munitions—Poland will have all the more reason to ask for 100 per cent. military co-operation from Britain and France, and since that is unlikely, Colonel Beck and his friends will have an additional excuse for an "arrangement" with Hitler which will at least neutralise Poland. Without the U.S.S.R. the Grand Alliance is, indeed, a desperately dangerous and improbable affair.

The Fall of Madrid

The surrender of Madrid and Valencia means, from a military point of view at least, the end of the war in Spain. Throughout its long siege the capital had been defended with a courage and persistence that have few parallels in history. The soldiers of the Republic fought, and civilians suffered and died, for more than two and a half years in a way which has evoked the admiration even of the bitterest enemies of their cause. That cause—the freedom of Spain—was betrayed from the outset not only by Spaniards, but by others outside, notably Britain and France, who in their own interest, if for no other reason, should have done everything in their power to maintain it. It is a grim comment on the policy of "Non-Intervention"—as well as on Mr. Chamberlain's faith in his capacity to deal with dictators—that a large body of Italian troops led the march into Madrid. Are we still expected to believe that the master of these battalions, of the thousands of other Italian soldiers who have been killed and wounded in Spain, of the aeroplanes in Majorca and elsewhere, is really going, now that "Bolshevism has been defeated," to leave Franco to his own devices—and that Franco's principal device will be to feed out of the hand of the City and Downing Street? The *Times* apparently feels no qualms:

> It does not seem unreasonable (said its leader on Wednesday) to hope that in the new Spain the name of Great Britain will be accorded a respect forfeited by those Powers that associated themselves with the fallen regime, and perhaps an affection not easily retained by those who may presume too far upon the assistance they have given to the victors. Hard things are always spoken of neutrals while war rages, but an honourable and consistent neutrality comes to be appreciated when peace is won.

O sancta simplicitas! Or is it just arrant humbug?

A New Government in Lithuania

The loss of Memel has been followed by the resignation and reconstruction of the Lithuanian Government. The new Prime Minister is General Tchernius, formerly chief of the general staff, who has hitherto taken no part in politics. His Cabinet contains several other soldiers and the leader of the Christian Democratic Opposition, besides four members of the late Nationalist Government. It is thus a sort of "patriotic front," on a more or less non-party basis, and it is expected to pursue a cautious and independent policy. But if Hitler decides to make Lithuania another province of the Reich, patriotism will not be enough. Lithuania is clearly incapable of maintaining her independence unaided, and her hopes of aid from abroad must be slight indeed. The British Government made no protest against the annexation of Memel. They confined themselves to an "expression of sympathy" with the Lithuanian Government, and there is no evidence that any of the other signatories of the Memel Convention have been, or are likely to be, more helpful. Lithuania will doubtless cling as closely as possible to Latvia and Estonia; but a Baltic "Little Entente" is hardly to be thought of as a bulwark against Germany. Poland is

General Fatton

another matter; but Polish policy, though it must be gravely concerned about the integrity of Lithuania, is in present circumstances a riddle to which no one knows the answer.

The Economic Battle Front

The British Government's efforts to prevent Germany acquiring such a monopoly of Europe's material resources as would nullify the value of sea-power have begun somewhat late. Mr. Hudson has apparently persuaded the Government of the U.S.S.R. to agree, in principle, to a new Anglo-Russian trade pact—with the balance, presumably, shifted in favour of British manufactures—and a Finnish commercial mission is to come to London. Neither the U.S.S.R. nor Finland, however, is the focal point of Germany's aggressive trade drive. With Lithuania now in an economic stranglehold, the Reich is pursuing actively the policy of penetrating Rumania and Jugoslavia. The German-Rumanian commercial agreement signed last week represents an abatement of Germany's extreme demands for an absolute monopoly of Rumanian supplies of oil and agricultural produce, but it opens the door wide to economic domination by the Reich. There are indications that Jugoslavia will soon be pressed to conclude a pact on similar lines, providing for German participation in the exploitation of that country's timber and mineral resources. Yet beyond holding out hopes that a British trade mission will visit Bucharest before long, the British Government remains passive. Mr. Chamberlain, indeed, carefully disclaimed any desire to impede "reasonable expansion" of German exports, although the virtual abrogation of the F.B.I.'s Düsseldorf pact implies that the danger of helping Germany to acquire further means of importing war materials is at length realised. The British attitude is oddly illogical.

The Five-Year Shipping Plan

The shipping industry, latest petitioner for State aid, has not been sent empty away. The Government undertakes to provide (1) a subsidy of £2,750,000 a year for five years to tramp shipping, excluding coastal vessels, so long as freights remain below a stipulated level; (2) special assistance, on the recommendations of an Advisory Committee, to liner companies adversely affected by subsidised foreign competition; (3) loans on favourable terms up to a limit of £10,000,000 over a two-year period for cargo shipbuilding; and (4) additional operating grants, subject to freight market conditions and not exceeding £500,000 annually over the next five years, for cargo ships ordered within the next few months. Finally, lest this five-year subvention of £25 millions or more should lead to a temporary glut of tonnage, the Government will devote a further £2,000,000 to acquiring vessels redundant to owners' needs. These will be laid up as an emergency reserve. Few will question the general principle that further shrinkage of cargo-carrying capacity under the British flag might seriously endanger our sea-borne supplies in the event of a protracted war. Where the scheme is open to criticism is in its failure to impose any adequate control over shipbuilding costs or tramp shipping organisation. While the taxpayer becomes the owner of a fleet of obsolete ships serviceable only in crisis conditions, the shipping industry's profits are substantially—and almost unconditionally—buttressed by the Treasury.

The Feeding of School-children

A deputation, under the auspices of the Children's Minimum Council and a number of other important organisations, met the President of the Board of Education on Monday, to insist once more on the need of milk and meals for school-children. The present provision, as everyone knows—and no one better than the education authorities themselves—falls far short of what it ought to be. The normal ration of milk is only one-third of a pint a day; only about half of the children are getting that, and very few indeed are getting any during the holidays. The chief proposals of the deputation were that an adequate daily ration should be given free to all children in the State schools; that the local authorities should be required to provide regular midday meals and that these should be free to children from families with incomes below a certain level. The necessity of better service, accommodation and dietaries was also urged. The President admitted that the existing provision was inadequate and that many local education authorities were not exercising their powers as they might. But to the very reasonable demands of the deputation he said "No"—on financial grounds. The only encouragement he had to offer was an assurance that the Board was doing what it could to improve matters, especially by putting pressure on backward local authorities. This is doubtless better than nothing; but it is a miserably half-hearted way of dealing with the widespread evil of malnutrition.

Eight Elections

With eight by-elections now pending, the electors are being given an unusual chance of recording their verdict on current affairs. No fewer than six M.P.s have died; and the other two vacancies arise out of the appointment of the sitting members as Colonial Governors. Two of the seats to be filled—County Down and the Abbey Division of Westminster—are Conservative strongholds, the latter practically a pocket borough. The Labour Party should have no difficulty in holding South Ayrshire, where it had a majority of about 4,500 in 1935. The Hallam division of Sheffield and the Aston division of Birmingham both returned Conservatives at the last election with more than double the Labour vote. In Kincardine and Western Aberdeen the struggle is between Tory and Liberal, with a Tory majority of only 2,500 to be turned over. Finally, the Government holds both Kennington and North Southwark by very small majorities—in North Southwark only 79—and in both these constituencies it would be natural to expect a Labour victory; they are both seats that have previously been held by Labour members. If three out of the eight constituencies can be won from the Government and the existing Labour seat held, that is about all that can be looked for. But it will be interesting to see how the voting goes in the Hallam and Aston divisions, where a substantial change in the figures would be a straw in the wind.

The Churchill-Eden Group and Conscription

Mr. Eden has joined forces with Mr. Churchill and Mr. Duff Cooper in the latest demand from the Tory benches for a change of Government. But the thirty-four M.P.s who have signed their manifesto do not make a sufficiently impressive list; they represent, no doubt, the feelings of many M.P.s who have not signed, but that is no good

unless they can persuade those silent malcontents to break their silence. Mr. Amery is in it, of course, and Mr. Sandys, and so are Mr. Harold Macmillan, Mr. Cartland and Mr. Boothby. There is also one Liberal-National, with Mr. Harold Nicolson and Mr. Markham from the National Labour group. Many more Conservatives are putting their name to the amendment, which expresses complete confidence in the Prime Minister. But the issue between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Churchill will not be settled by counting the names attached to published resolutions; the real struggle goes on behind the scenes. Mr. Churchill's resolution calls for a National Government "on the widest possible basis," with "full powers over the nation's industry, wealth and man-power"—that is, military conscription, *plus* economic compulsion so phrased as to meet the Labour demand that the conscription of men shall not take place without a parallel conscription of wealth. But will the Opposition play on these terms? The Labour Party and the Trade Unions are still determined on preserving the voluntary system, and in so doing they reflect an immense body of opinion, particularly in the North and Midlands. They have too the powerful support of men like Captain Liddell Hart and Sir Auckland Geddes, who explains from a unique administrative experience in the last war that conscription is undesirable even from a military point of view. It is no good conscripting men—except to keep them quiet—until you have the equipment and organisation ready for them. For the moment Mr. Chamberlain's large increase in the Territorials satisfies the bulk of the Tories.

POLES APART

AT the back of the Chamberlain policy there has always been a belief that in the last resort Hitler's ambitions pointed to the East rather than the West, and that in a German-Russian war Britain might stand aside. Many people have even talked as if Russia and Germany had a common frontier. Actually they are not only ideologically, but physically, Poles apart, and it was the cleverest of all Hitler's diplomatic strokes to neutralise Poland by a ten year pact. To-day the world has forgotten that the most popular part of Hitler's nationalism during his rise to power was his abuse of Poland and the pledge to regain for Germany the Polish Corridor and German Silesia. Nowhere did the peace treaties so flagrantly cut across the principle of nationality. But Hitler promised the Poles a ten year peace and by a policy of studiously encouraging anti-Soviet feeling in Poland and cultivating the friendship of Colonel Beck and his colleagues, he has persuaded the Polish Government to show a trustfulness in Germany which is not shared by the mass of Polish people. To-day, strengthened by his seizure of Czechoslovakia and Memel, he prepares to tear up his treaty with Poland, as he has torn up so many other treaties. He now threatens the independence of another friend and neighbour.

The policy of calculated vacillation which Poland has adopted since 1934 has been a reflection of her geographical position. Wedged between the military powers of Germany and Russia, fearing Communism on the one side and the Nazi menace on the other, Poland has maintained a precarious balance by her Ten Year Treaty with Germany, her still existent French alliance and her non-aggression pact with the U.S.S.R. Her object throughout has been to maintain neutrality. Russian help against Germany seemed to Poland to mean the danger of Communism and a war fought on her soil. German help would equally mean that the country would be a battle-ground and would now involve not only the loss of the non-Polish territories acquired under the Peace Treaty, but also the end of her independence.

Until Munich, Poland's tactics were chiefly directed to diverting Germany's expansionist aims away from herself; and it was hoped that by enlisting the support of Italy and rekindling Mussolini's dying interest in the Balkans, it would be possible to form a bloc with Hungary and Italy strong enough to persuade Hitler to turn his attention to the West. Poland's behaviour in the September crisis was not due to the fact that she had identical interests with Germany; on the contrary, it was actuated by the wish to exploit the situation in order to achieve a common frontier in Ruthenia and to strengthen her position on the Moravian frontier against German expansion through Czechoslovakia.

The events of the last six months have destroyed this unstable edifice. Poland now finds herself encircled on three sides. With Rumania's independence in danger, with Lithuania practically in subjection to the Nazis and Danzig a remilitarised German city, she has only one narrow outlet to the North through the Corridor and Gdynia, and only one frontier—the Russian—which need not be defended. Is it surprising that in such a situation even the most determined of Hitler's opponents in Poland demand something more than paper assurances before Poland commits herself to an anti-German policy?

What the Polish Government decides to do will depend, however, not only on the attitudes of the Western Powers but also upon developments in domestic politics. Since 1926, when Pilsudski made his coup, Poland has experienced an authoritarian regime, which was not fully Fascist, because it has never been based upon a popular social revolutionary movement. In 1935, such residues of democratic life as had been preserved were abolished by the new constitution, and the dissolution of the old parliament by the President in 1938 did little to shake the authoritarian State. For the elections held in the winter of that year were still based on a system which gave to the municipal bodies—mere agents of the Government—the decisive influence in the selection of candidates. The new Sejm, which the President had stated would adopt the new electoral system, is therefore little different from the old one. The Opposition parties which refused to take part in the elections are not represented, and the vast majority of deputies are devoted adherents of the Camp of National Unity (Ozon), which is the only popular basis of the Government. The true feeling of the country, however, revealed itself during the municipal elections of January, 1939, which were conducted democratically. The majority of the towns, with the exception of Warsaw, voted for the Opposition parties, in the industrial centres and the South for the Socialists, in the West largely for the reactionary Social Democrats. In the agricultural areas, which contain 60 per cent. of the population, there were no elections, but it was well known that the peasant masses are almost solidly behind the Democratic Peasants' Party. It was clear the vast majority of the people were opposed to the Government.

Poland, however, has never gone all the way to Fascism. Though the Camp of National Unity has adopted a great deal of the Nazi phraseology, uses anti-Semitic slogans, has suppressed Freemasonry and issued drastic decrees to muzzle the press and suppress civil liberties, its leaders seem to have grasped the fact that a totalitarian system is unsuitable for Poland, if only because more than 30 per cent. of the population consists of national minorities. Moreover, in the Camp of National Unity there are important individuals who preserve under their skin something of the old social democratic traditions of the pre-war era, and such men make a clear distinction between Fascist and the military dictatorship which they regard as suitable for their country. This distinction reflects a genuine feeling among the common people, who in spite of acute political divisions do not question the authority of the army as the instrument of national independence. As the danger to the nation grows greater, so the acceptance of the political leadership of the army is likely to become easier and it seems probable that a far more genuine patriotic front could be formed in Poland than in countries such as Rumania and Austria.

Nor is it likely that the Minorities, in spite of their numerical strength and their disgraceful treatment by the Polish Government, will create the same kind of problem as did the Minorities of Czechoslovakia. There are something over five million Ukrainians, 1½ million White Russians, nearly a million Germans and over 3 million Jews ; but not one of these Minorities has an overwhelming preponderance in a large area of the country. A genuine Ukrainian movement exists only in Galicia, but it does not look to the Soviet Union for active support as the Sudeten Germans looked to Germany. The White Russians have a small majority in one county, but, even in the mixed German and Polish areas taken from Germany after the war, the Germans are nowhere massed in a majority. It will not be easy for the Germans to use the technique of Minority agitation to disrupt Poland from within.

Poland's domestic situation is not so desperate as it at first sight seems ; and it is probable that a real wave of patriotism will give the Government a popular backing if it continues to resist the Nazi demands. This resistance, however, will be useless unless Poland is backed by active support from Russia and the Western Powers. Even an unlimited supply of Russian aeroplanes will not defend an encircled country, and in spite of the present stiff refusal of the German demands Poland is likely to be forced little by little to accept Nazi domination unless Britain and France and the U.S.S.R. pledge themselves to immediate military action in the West in the event of a German attack upon Poland.

"SAVING" LANCASHIRE

EVER since it was revealed, a month or two ago, that exports of cotton goods from Lancashire were lower in 1938 than for 88 years, lower even than during the disastrous blockade of the American cotton States, there has been a good deal of talk about " saving " Lancashire. Indeed, judged from the standpoint of the human lives and fortunes involved in the cotton industry of the North West, its progressive ruin and decay are a matter of great national importance. In 1937, there were still 400,000 men and women engaged in this industry, compared with 337,000 in motor cars and aircraft manufacture, 680,000 in agriculture and 700,000 in coal.

It has become almost platitudinous to recapitulate the weary history of Lancashire's crumbling export trade, due to the growth of native industries and the incursions of foreign subsidised or cheap labour competition. But the figures are stark enough. In comparison with 7,000 million linear yards of cotton fabrics sold abroad by Britain in 1912, only 1,448 million were shipped in 1938. Nearly 80 per cent. of Lancashire's pre-war export trade has disappeared. The social effect of this change on the ruined Lancashire towns has been widespread and profound. In many weaving districts operatives face destitution wages. Unemployment has become a recurring and inevitable condition of things for tens of thousands of people. Yet while successive Governments have legislated for the benefit of the depressed shipbuilding and coal-mining industries, very little indeed has been done to help the cotton industry or to mitigate the social effects of its disintegration. It is therefore important to assess clearly the value of the Cotton Industry Reorganisation Bill, now before Parliament.

One question springs at once to mind. Is the Bill likely to regain for Lancashire any part of her export trade or to arrest its decline ? The answer is : in its direct effects, no. Only by a substantial subsidy could Lancashire hope to force her way back on a large scale into lost foreign markets. Subsidised exports would almost certainly be excluded or resisted by raised tariff walls or by counter-subsidies ; and they have no place in the Bill. In its indirect consequences, however, the Bill may conceivably improve Lancashire's competitive position in foreign markets. One thing which it will do is to set up machinery whereby a majority of producing firms in any section of the industry can compel a recalcitrant minority to adhere to minimum price schemes. The result of binding price agreements should be more remunerative margins for cotton goods sold in the home market. This should enable producers to set aside capital reserves for the purchase of up-to-date equipment, which would mean lowered costs and increased competitive power abroad.

There is no doubt about the need for some sort of price regulation in the home market. For a period of 15 years firms have been flocking into it out of the vanishing export trade and, despite the formation of spinning combines, an internecine price struggle has taken place which, in the weaving section at any rate, has dragged prices down below production costs. Grey cloth merchants rejoice to-day that they can buy " bread and butter " fabrics from weavers at 3 per cent. to 4 per cent. below costs of production, and the voluntary contractual price agreements enforceable by fines, of which four have been in force in the spinning section, have all been either incomplete or have broken down when bad times came. Price arrangements in the bleaching and dyeing sections have virtually collapsed through breakaways. Moreover, if there is small doubt about the desirability of some form of price control, there is equally little about the need for technical re-equipment. About fifty per cent. of the 480,000 looms in Lancashire sheds are over 35 years old, and a wholesale replacement of spinning mules by ring spinning frames, which are 50 per cent. more economical to run, is an obvious necessity.

Will raised prices result in diminished consumption in the home market ? It is unlikely. There is more than a suspicion that at present the retailers and wholesale distributors get more than their share of the price paid over the counter for cotton cloth. Of the sum charged to the consumer for a yard of average cotton fabric, nearly half is taken by the wholesaler and the retailer for merely handling the material, against less than one-third by spinner, weaver and dyer for transforming the raw cotton into finished cloth. Distributors can fairly be asked to reduce such excessive margins rather than risk a drop in consumption by raising their own prices.

The Bill provides, first, for the setting up of a Cotton Industry Board of three independent members and twelve representatives of different sections of the industry, appointed by the Board of Trade. Rules are laid down governing the holding of polls on minimum price schemes. Any scheme passed by a sufficient majority of the firms concerned will go

before the Cotton Industry Board for its approval, following which it will have to pass the scrutiny of a Cotton Advisory Committee consisting of three persons unconnected with the trade, who will act as watchdogs of the public interest. Schemes passed by both bodies will, if approved by the President of the Board of Trade, be laid before Parliament in the form of a draft order and, after a stated period, automatically pass into law and become enforceable by heavy fines.

The second section of the Bill provides for balloting on "scrapping" schemes. It is no secret that those best qualified to judge regard the greater part of our lost export trade as virtually irrecoverable. We cannot hope to compete with home industries sheltered behind tariff walls and, even assuming the maintenance of our preferences in Dominions markets and of the Crown Colony quotas on foreign goods, it would be unwise to plan for a figure of more than 1,000,000,000 yards of exports annually over the next generation. With an export trade reduced to these dimensions many of the existing firms are bound to pass out of existence. The theory of redundancy schemes is quick and painless elimination rather than a long drawn out process entailing short time or diminished capacity working right through the trade.

The Spindles Act of 1936, which was the first of such compulsory buying out schemes, has resulted so far in the purchase by the Spindles Board of 4,600,000 spindles which is almost half the number calculated as redundant in 1936. Levy for buying out has been paid at the rate of 1⅛*d.* per spindle. The average mill has contributed some £400 or £500 during each of the last two years to accelerate the voluntary retirement of its competitors. Similar redundancy schemes in the weaving and finishing sections would almost certainly receive majority support.

Since the early days of the scheme a small group of employers, led by two of the ablest among them, has carried on a not altogether unsalutary guerilla war against certain clauses in the proposals. In particular they declare their mistrust of the power which the Bill vests in the Cotton Industry Board to allow certain firms in special circumstances to sell below the statutory minima. Price concessions will obviously be necessary to face foreign competition in overseas markets. The opposition employers, however, suspect that the Concessions clause, besides holding up business, may be manipulated to the advantage of the combines, whose representatives will, they believe, preponderate on the Cotton Industry Board. The opposition feel that a Board limited to fifteen members can only be representative of the interests of individual firms. They insist that only a small body of men unconnected with the industry and assisted by advisory panels of experts could be expected to administer the scheme efficiently and fairly. It is on the cards that Parliament will alter the constitution of the Cotton Industry Board, to conform with these demands of the opposition employers.

What of the Unions' attitude to the reorganisation proposals? The United Textile Factory Workers' Association decided by a majority to support the Bill unconditionally. Though unenthusiastic, most of the Union leaders feel that any Bill is better than no Bill, and that higher prices may mean higher wages. Redundancy schemes, they consider, should give the majority of the operatives hope of more continuous employment, though large numbers will undoubtedly be thrown out of work by their operation. What is incomprehensible is the failure of the Union leaders to press harder for compensation for workpeople who will be displaced in this way. The original proposals of the Cotton Trade Joint Committee were quite explicit in adopting the principle of compensation for workers as well as for employers. Worked out in detail this should mean at least the payment of wages while fresh work is sought. The Draft Bill merely states that "payments *may* be made to employees who lose employment." This is worth next to nothing, and employers who ask for clarification of the clause are already receiving soothing letters explaining that nothing is likely to be done.

Some mystery also surrounds the absence from the Bill of any clause providing for the statutory enforcement of wage agreements, which was specifically embodied in the first draft proposals. The 1934 Weaving Wages Act has succeeded (except as regards the fall-back wage for six loom weavers) in maintaining the wage rates agreed on by the Weavers' Amalgamation and the Manufacturers' Association, and has safeguarded or increased the earnings of thousands of weavers. Only one prosecution for infringement of the Act has been found necessary. Although the spinning and finishing operatives are strongly organised and could defend their wage standards by collective action a legalisation clause might have been very useful in the future in enforcing agreed wage rates in these sections also. The Union leaders have, however, allowed the clause to drop out of the Bill without effective protest or action of any kind.

Besides insisting on compensation for displaced operatives and a wages clause the Unions might, one would have thought, have made a minimum wage for weavers one of their conditions for supporting the Bill. This is one of the direst needs of Lancashire. Wide fluctuations in the demand for cloth during the past four years coupled with surplus capacity have caused weaving employers to economise by reducing the number of looms per weaver. Since payment is on a per loom basis and the normal complement is four, this has resulted in £1 and, in some cases even less, being paid for 48 hours work. Such destitution wages are a disgrace to the country and a burden to the local authorities concerned, who have to supplement them out of the rates.

Some of the dissentients among the Union leaders would have preferred to sell their support of the Bill rather than give it as tamely as it has been given. Compensation for displaced operatives, legalisation of wage agreements and a minimum wage for weavers should, they argue, have been the irreducible minimum conditions for the Unions' support of the Bill which, as it stands, contains no provisions for the benefit of the operatives of Lancashire. Any indirect advantage the workers may derive from this Reorganisation scheme will come later and will have to be fought for or gained by skilful negotiation. From the point of view of the employers and of the banks, who are large creditors of the cotton industry, the Bill is probably better than no Bill. More than that cannot be said.

DERRICK SINGTON

A LONDON DIARY

Last week, disregarding Sir Stafford's offer of a compromise and brushing aside appeals from influential party members, who are not in favour of the Popular Front, that the issue be deferred till Whitsun, the Executive decided to expel all the prominent Crippsites unless they recanted within a week. This decision, backed by the majority of the Trade Union members, was pressed by Hugh Dalton and passed with only seven dissentients; but a compromise amendment, supported by Attlee, Herbert Morrison and George Ridley, as well as Ellen Wilkinson and D. N. Pritt, was defeated by two votes. Among the strongest advocates of compromise was J. R. Clynes, in such matters the wisest as well as the oldest and most experienced member of the Party.

* * *

So the majority of the Executive can enjoy the sweets of victory over their friends and watch the prestige of the party, outside the ranks of the faithful, sink still lower. They do not seem to mind if each of these victories reduces Labour's influence on national policy and makes it more difficult to save the country from the Chamberlain clique. "Theirs not to do or die, theirs but to find reasons why." Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson should resign his candidature for East Dorset. For is it not clearly a sufficient reason that this audacious young man, in arguing the case for Socialism in a recent book, should have suggested, in somewhat extreme language, that the Labour Party would be healthier if freed from what he regards as the tyranny of the Trade Union block vote? This

may be only a minor piece of repression, but taken with the whole policy of deliberately discouraging activity amongst the rank and file, it gives added force to the moving letter which Sir Charles Trevelyan has sent to Mr. Attlee. It ends with the words " If you are a big enough man you will stop the destruction of the soul of your party." Unfortunately Mr. Attlee is in bed with 'flu.

* * *

Meanwhile the launching of the Labour Book Service, with the full publicity blast of Odhams Press, has coincided with the sending of a remarkable letter signed by the National Agent to all Labour Parties. Mr. Shepherd, after stating that the Executive " has received many complaints alleging embarrassing activities of the Left Book Club or its groups," assures " constituency parties acting loyally within the terms of their affiliation " that they " are at all times entitled to protection from the activities of any outside organisation," and threatens that, although "*at this stage*" the Executive does not wish to ban the Left Book Club, it has instructed its Officers " to take any necessary action to deal with trouble which may be caused by the Club or its groups." On this I have two comments to make. No organisation has made more converts to Socialism—and to the Labour Party—or worked harder for Spain than the Left Book Club, and it should not be forgotten that the Labour Party refused an offer to make use of the *Club News* for Party purposes. But Mr. Shepherd treats it as though it were a dangerous type of vermin. In the second place, both Gollancz, Ltd., and Odhams Press are business concerns, and it is, to say the least, unfortunate that the National Executive of the Labour Party should be thought to be encouraging its officers to assist in a battle between trade rivals. But I doubt if this business side is really important; the truth is that Transport House smells Communism everywhere and prefers stagnation to having any truck with Socialists.

* * *

Franco, now part of the Axis, has made the final comment on the policy of encouraging Fascist victory in Spain so that Democracy might be in a strong position there at the end of the war. Franco's agent, Señor Quinones de Leon, who has been in Paris throughout the war and who is pro-monarchist and pro-French, has already been withdrawn and his substitute is Señor Lequerica, who is a pro-German Falangist and the author of articles attacking France. I now hear that the Duke of Alba, whom the British Government has persistently cultivated throughout the war, is also to be withdrawn by Franco on the ground that he is too pro-British. Franco-Spain, as all but the willingly self-deceived have long known, is part of the Anti-Comintern bloc.

* * *

From inside Prague I hear that there is something like a passive strike in progress. Officials of the Sudeten Party have taken possession of factories and businesses and the German police and Gestapo are trying to stop the waste caused by Nazi looting. In the Skoda works, I am told, free use of sand has put some of the machinery out of order, while another report tells of a line of tanks in Prague immobilised by the simple trick of putting sugar into the petrol.

* * *

I am no enthusiast for Jubilee exhibitions, but having been dragged to County Hall against my will, I enjoyed my sixpennyworth to the full. The exhibition is staffed by officials, who give you the impression that they are not displaying someone else's products, but are really keen to make you see how *their own* organisation works. But of all the exhibits far the most fascinating were the living ones in the Central Hall. Here, five times a day, shows are given by L.C.C. schools. A music lesson, which I happened to see, particularly pleased me. The master played the piano and left the boys free to mime their interpretation of the music, or he told them to imagine they were walking in a wood and then to act a woodland fire and a rising wind. No set pattern was imposed, but unaffectedly the boys expressed these images in bodily movement and were transformed from stodgy schoolboys into dancers of real natural grace. The only place where I have seen such imaginative teaching is at Dartington Hall, where I watched last Sunday a play written and acted by the children of 12 to 14, who had also made the dresses and the scenery. If you want a modern education for your children you must send them either to an L.C.C. school or to Dartington. Which only shows that it is not State control, but vested interests, which destroy initiative and imagination.

* * *

It is sometimes asserted that Big Business is preferable to the State as a patron of art. Unfortunately one Shell does not make a beach, and few commercial firms in this country have distinguished themselves by employing serious painters. The Cunard and White Star Line, it may be remembered, was so enterprising as to commission Mr. Duncan Grant to decorate the dining-room of the *Queen Mary*. But when the panels were delivered, Sir Percy Bates (the Chairman of the Company), did not find them to his taste, and they were not used. How far one thinks this damaged the painter's reputation depends upon one's opinion of business men as men of taste. In any case a number of good judges, who saw the panels in London, considered they were the most important decorative paintings produced in England for many years. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, for instance, wrote an enthusiastic description of them in this journal. It is therefore not surprising that the Art Committee of the British Council chose these panels for exhibition at the New York World's Fair. This is a very strong Committee, including the Directors of the National Gallery and the Victoria and Albert Museum. But when the Cunard-White Star Company were asked, as owners of the pictures, for permission to exhibit them, they refused. Their legal right to refuse, I suppose, is unquestionable, but their reasons for exercising it I do not profess to understand. (The panels are not being used by the Company and remain in the painter's keeping.) It seems undignified and timorous in a " Captain of Industry " to refuse the American public a chance to judge for itself, and even if the Company now considers its refusal of the panels an error of judgment, and would prefer this to be forgotten, it is most unusual to deprive an artist of the opportunity to show pictures representing the labour of years.

* * *

Values are still values in Newmarket. I take this, printed just like this, from the bottom of a column in the *Newmarket Journal and Free Press* for March 25th:

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

NEWMARKET AND THURLOW FOXHOUNDS
Monday, March 27th, Hundon, 11.30.
Thursday, March 30th, Bradley Fox, 11.30.

Hitler made another coup on Wednesday by taking Memel.

* * *

Austria is naturally fertile of " underground " stories. The best is still that of the church where the priest announced that in view of the recent changes all Jews must leave the church. A figure slipped down from the Cross and went out.

When the damages for the assassination of vom Rath had been assessed a Jew brought to Göring his share. Having bowed and handed in the amount, he asked somewhat shyly: " Field-Marshal, how much would it cost for the Führer? "

Here is another variation of the asylum theme. Two doctors are talking over their cases. " We have a man," one says, " who has a black forelock and thinks he is Hitler." " That is not so bad," says the other, " we have one who is Hitler and thinks he is God."

Do you know why the Brownshirts are called S.A.? Answer: because they are *Synagogen-Anzünder*.

* * *

The ingenious little " thing " that I gave at the end of this Diary last week has brought me some amusing letters from, I fear, bogus centenarians. It works unless you are over 100. Nor is the reason difficult to discover if you examine your instructions carefully. Double, add 5 and multiply by 50 is

the same thing as multiplying by 100 and adding 250. That pushes the telephone number two places to the left and makes room for your age, which is obtained by adding this year's date and subtracting the year of your birth. The other figures cancel out. You have added 250 and 365, which equals 615, i.e., the number of M.P.s which you subtract at the end. It does not work if your age is more than 100, because the three-figure number strays into the columns which have been reserved for your telephone. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to H. C. Cotching.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

As mortality from cancer in Wales was greater than mortality from tuberculosis, and, as poverty was not the cause of cancer, that proved that poverty was not active in the cause of tuberculosis either.—Sir Henry Morris-Jones reported in *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post.*

Naming a cocktail after Mr. Chamberlain's umbrella caused a protest yesterday at the British Women's Temperance Association Conference at Ayr.—*Daily Express.*

I believe in Stiff Collars on ethical and national grounds. They are a bulwark against lawlessness.—From *The Grocers' Handbook.*

"It is like being ruled by Hitler since the Essex Rivers Catchment Board came into force," said a 75-year-old man summoned at Southend to-day.—*Evening Standard.*

It is one of my greatest joys to listen to the natural, pleasant tones of the manly voice speaking English in its best form to which I am accustomed from the B.B.C. When I hear the announcer's pleasant "Good night," I invariably reply audibly "Good night, dear man!" Letter in *Radio Times.*

The title of the film "The Officer's Mess" (Br. 5796), registration of which was notified in the "Board of Trade Journal" of 14 May, 1931, has been altered to "She Knew What She Wanted."—*Board of Trade Journal.*

Sir Alexander Rouse, chief technical adviser to the A.R.P. department, revealed yesterday that the Home Office dislike deep bomb-proof shelters because they would give civilians at home more protection than soldiers and sailors would have in the fighting lines.—*Daily Express.*

The truth is that Britain is being brilliantly led, and is utterly safe under the guidance of the National Government.—Admiral T. P. H. Beamish, M.P., reported in the *Brighton and Hove Herald.*

A picture of a blonde woman in the nude, kneeling in front of a modern fireplace reading a novel, so displeased the judges of an exhibition of international photographic art at Weymouth yesterday that they unanimously ordered its removal.

Mr. Donald S. Herbert, Secretary of the Exhibition, said to me: "As a nude, the figure should have an artistic background instead of a commonplace firegrate."—*News Chronicle.*

THE POSITION IN FRANCE

ALMOST immediately after the Peace Front proposal had come from London the same propaganda began in France. "That's all very well," they said, "*but not with the Soviets!*" Munich may be dead; but it is not dead in the hearts of the old French Munich enthusiasts. They were not stupid enough to imagine that Czechoslovakia, though trimmed of its German fringe, could go on living happily ever after. They knew perfectly well that the capture by Germany of the "Bohemian Bastion" was not an end, but a means; and the Germans could go on pushing eastward for all they cared. And the farther the better. What did Flandin's "retrenchment behind the Maginot Line" policy mean, except that? What did the big campaign in the *Matin* and in several other papers in favour of *la Grande Ukraine* mean except that? When Ribbentrop and Bonnet signed their declaration on December 6th the German press said: "This gives us a completely free hand in the East." A good part of the semi-official press in Paris more or less openly approved this interpretation. And when these papers now blame Lord Halifax for having started talks with the Russians, and say that this attempt to "bring in the Soviets" has frightened the Poles away, they are ignoring the fact that the big aid to Poland can, in the first place, come only from Russia.

But, in any case, Poland is the last trench; and if it goes, we'll be in for it; for one does not believe for a moment that Hitler will follow the *Matin's* friendly advice to start building up the *Grande Ukraine*. Whatever the virtues and vices of the Red Army may be, Russia is a hornet's nest, and Hitler knows it. Hitler's great maxim is never to allow Germany to fight on two fronts again. It was Bismarck's idea—and the Kaiser lost the war because he ignored it. Hitler is sticking to Bismarck's idea. You've only got to look it up in *Mein Kampf* now that it is at last to be published in England in the unexpurgated edition. Perhaps Hitler feels it no longer necessary to hide anything from the British reader.

Regarding Rumania, whose surrender to Germany came quicker than anyone imagined, it will be necessary to inquire some day very carefully into the causes of this surrender. What is the origin of that extraordinary "Havas communiqué" which is said to have been published in the Rumanian press, and to have created an altogether disastrous impression in Rumania? It is said to have appeared on the very day Lord Halifax proposed the Peace Front.

> "Since Great Britain and France," it said, "are completely unable after the Munich settlement to intervene usefully in Central Europe, they have adopted an attitude of total abstention, which is better than handing out blame or platonic advice. That is the conclusion arrived at after the Franco-British talks, particularly between M. Bonnet and Sir Eric Phipps, the British Ambassador in Paris. In this manner Central Europe is definitely considered as a German sphere of influence.

The communiqué was reproduced in *Ce Soir* in an article by Paul Nizan, who claimed that it had appeared in the Rumanian press on March 18th. The head office of Havas "denies knowledge" of it; was it then a German forgery—or what? One would very much like to know; for an explanation of the origin of this mysterious communiqué may greatly help to explain why the Rumanians gave way so easily.

Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that Poland will be conquered, and that Germany—and Italy—will then be able to concentrate all their forces against the West. I do not believe that we can sit back while Poland is being attacked—our own instinct of self-preservation ought to wake up by then. If we do nothing, it will mean war three months later in infinitely worse conditions. I do not know how Poland can be best helped in a military sense; it is for the experts to find out. Even if the Siegfried Line is impregnable, there are other means—on sea and in the air—which must be examined by the experts. Beck is going to London, and will want to know. And, above all, the Soviets must not be "kept out," but "kept in." Their air force can play a decisive part in saving Poland. The argument that, if the Germans conquer Poland, they will have a common frontier with Russia, and that the Russian will then be on our side is perfectly ridiculous. The Russians can then be only a danger to Warsaw, but not to Berlin. And if the Russians bomb Warsaw—even a German-run Warsaw—it will not do Germany any harm.

I now come to the point which the French consider the most vital problem of all. And that is conscription in England. You must try and get into the skin of the ordinary Frenchman who has already been called up, or may, at any moment, be called up to man the Maginot Line. This Frenchman will say to you: "It is no use talking big in London. You cannot run a big European policy if all you have got on land is the French army. If you have conscription, the Poles will realise that you are in earnest; otherwise they may not believe you.

What is still worse, the Germans will imagine that, after wiping out Poland, they can turn to the West, and bring off a lightning victory, with nothing but the French Army in the field." This is a natural reaction, but the British might reply that conscription would probably be too late to help the Poles and that England's first need is for organisation and equipment.

Already the average Frenchman is grumbling. Already you will find people saying that if Germany directs all her forces to the West, and there is no British Army ready to rush to the aid of the French, the battle may be lost. In a memorable speech just about a year ago Paul Reynaud visualised " the most fearful contingency of all "—" France facing Germany alone, and with a soldierless England as her only ally." French opinion is unanimous on this subject. The advocates of resistance are finding something heartbreaking in the absence of British preparation; while the defeatists find in it their best argument and their best excuse for every kind of retreat and capitulation. France is in danger of once more becoming the happy hunting ground for every kind of defeatist and *capitulard* propaganda. You will find people saying: " it's no use fighting a battle lost in advance; let us come to terms with Hitler at any price; and let him do with England what he likes. We're through." Granted that the frontier defences are good, that Switzerland and Belgium will not allow Germany to " pass," one must still prepare for the contingency of a " one front war " in the West. And in such a war the French alone cannot hold out indefinitely. Or rather, they may not even be able to hold out for very long, especially as Germany will try to break through at any price, and to make the war a short one.

When the French speak of " British conscription " they use the phrase in a wide sense of course. They do not care what particular form it takes; what they do say is that they must rely on Britain to have half a million to a million trained men ready to cross the Channel when the war breaks out.

> They must be ready to help in the defence of whatever " Verdun " the Germans will try to capture at any price, even if they have to hurl against it three or four or ten times as many men as they hurled against the old Verdun in 1916.

I am quoting from the *Homme Libre*, which reflects the views of M. Bonnet. But on this point everybody in France is agreed.

I have not dwelt here either on Spain or on Italy. In spite of Daladier's recent " not an inch of ground, not a single one of our rights," it is probable that the French Government will try to find out whether any purpose at all can be served by giving anything away to Italy at this stage. For Bailby and the rest of them still go on playing with the idea that " it is more natural for Italy to be with France than with Germany," and the French Right would be angry if no attempt were made to come to terms with their dear Italians. With Spain relations remain frigid. The French are being blackmailed in all sorts of ways; one day Franco refuses to see Pétain, the next day he refuses to allow the refugees to return to Spain so long as the mysterious Berard-Jordana agreement has not been carried out in full. Heaven only knows in what other ways France and Britain are going to be rewarded for all they have done in helping Franco to win his war. ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, March 28th.

WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS

" I ASK you," cried Mussolini to a great gathering of squadristi on Sunday, " do you want honours? " " No," shouted the squadristi. " Do you want rewards? " cried the leader. " No," shouted the squadristi. " Do you want an easy life? " he finally asked them. " No," shouted the squadristi. I cannot help envying people who can answer difficult questions so easily. Two at least of these questions, it must be admitted, are exceedingly difficult; yet every man present seems to have had the answers on the tip of his tongue. Even the first of the questions, which looks the easiest of the three, may no be so easy as it looks. If it were put to me I should probably answer " No," like the squadristi; but may that not be simply because it is easy to reject honours that have never been offered to me? Whether this is the explanation of my indifference to honours or not, it is obvious that a great many people—and a great many excellent people—unlike me, do want them. There are men who would give their eyes even to be elected to a committee. To become honorary secretary or honorary treasurer is for them glory. To be chairman is to enter paradise. As for titles, so great is the general desire for them that if anyone refuses a title, this is usually accepted as evidence that he is a moral stalwart, outstanding above the common herd. John Galsworthy once delighted his friends by refusing a knighthood. If he had accepted it, they would have thought mournfully that he was just like everybody else.

Have the Italians risen so far above the weaknesses of human nature that a Galsworthian indifference to honours is no longer the exception among them but the rule? Have ribbons and medals disappeared? Are there no longer ranks and titles in the Army? If honours are undesirable things one would imagine that Count Ciano would give a lead by resigning his title and that Mussolini would send back the medal that he accepted some years ago from the Mark Twain Society. Until they do so, their followers will have some cause for complaining that the Fascist leaders impose sacrifices but refrain from making them.

As for rewards, it is all very well to ask, " Do you want rewards? " and to hypnotise people into answering " No "; but what exactly did Mussolini mean by " rewards "? Suppose he addressed the Italian Army and asked the soldiers, " Do you want your pay? " would they still answer " No "? Yet one's pay is about the most important material reward that one demands of society, and armies have been known to mutiny if they failed to get it. Indifferent to honours though I am, I am as anxious for rewards as a greedy child. If I wrote a novel, I should long for it to be a best-seller. If I designed a battleship, I should at least expect to be paid for it. I have the deepest respect for those who can go on working without hope of reward, but it is from hope of reward that I myself derive half my energy. I have never been able to open with indifference an envelope containing a cheque. And I doubt whether the ordinary Italian can do so either. Without money in my pockets, even if it is only silver, I do not feel free, and therefore I want rewards as badly as I want freedom. And there are other rewards besides money that are much prized by human beings. Power is a great reward—I don't want it myself—and to be a high Fascist official is to possess an exhilarating sense of power. To be cock-o'-the-walk in one's own town or village—that is the reward of many a Fascist, and I imagine that few of them are indifferent to it. The love of power is as common a vice as the love of money, and, indeed, the love of money has been described as merely one form of the love of power. Until Fascists have become entirely indifferent to money and power, it is rather absurd to reply " No " to the question, " Do you want rewards? "

To my mind, the reply of the squadristi to all three of Mussolini's questions ought to have been " Yes and no." How surprised Mussolini would have been to receive this answer from thousands of enthusiastic throats, but what a triumph for truth it would have been! What other answer is possible for the mass of human beings to such a question as " Do you want an easy life? " There have been moods in which I should have been tempted to answer " Yes," but they did not last. If I were offered the existence of a lotus-eater in exchange for my present existence I should refuse it—or, at least, I think I should refuse it. There is something distasteful in the idea of a life of undiluted ease. We are happier for being occasionally energetic, even exhaustingly energetic. If human beings merely wanted a life of ease, they would not play football and lawn tennis. So far as my experience goes, the ordinary human being would actually rather go for a long walk then lie in a hammock. He would rather be swimming in cold water at eleven o'clock in the morning

than reading a novel in bed. Even during holidays the word "lazybones" is a term of contempt, and ease-hating mortals make pack-mules of themselves and go hiking over the hills. Science has presented us with all sorts of easy means of travel, but millions of men and women prefer to trudge about the country arduously on foot or to labour along the edges of the roads on pedal-bicycles. So innately energetic is the human race that I should never be surprised to see the treadmill becoming popular as an instrument, not of punishment, but of enjoyment.

And not only do we aspire after an uneasy life for ourselves, but we venerate an uneasy life in others. If you hear a man described as a loafer, no pulse of hero-worship beats in response. However much of a loafer you may be yourself, you regard the man with a measure of contempt. Read of Flaubert, on the other hand, toiling in agony hour after hour in his search for the right word, and you feel a sort of envy of the man. Both in literature and in life we prefer the people who have not an easy time. In drama we like best those who have a terrible time. If Hamlet had had as easy a life as a prince ought to have, the world would never have been interested in him. If Lear's daughters had lapped him in comfort, he would have been forgotten long ago. Even comic characters seem to win our affection in proportion to the bad time they have. Don Quixote unbruised and unbattered would have been a mere eccentric nobody; and Mr. Pickwick had to be impounded, insulted and imprisoned in order to become immortally beloved.

Is it because we are all moralists at heart that we hold the easy life in such contempt? Why, if not for this reason, should even the laziest of us waste our worship on those who scorn delights and live laborious days instead of giving it to those whom in our own lives we take as models as far as this is possible? The patriot who lives and dies for his country, the man of science sacrificing health and even life in pursuit of knowledge that will be of benefit only to others, the missionary abandoning home and comfort to devote long years of hard service to saving the bodies and souls of distant strangers, the artist indifferent to poverty and contempt as he labours at his masterpieces—these are the fellow human beings that, in youth at least, are the heroes of our daydreams and whose examples, we feel, we should follow, if we were better men. It is clear that, when Mussolini summons his followers from an easy life to a hard one, he is appealing to something fundamental in human nature.

At the same time, it would be dangerous to idealise the hard life as a good thing in itself. A hard life with truth or justice or mercy as its object is as fine a thing as the world knows, but a hard life lived for ignoble ends is no more praiseworthy than the easy life of a millionaire's selfish daughters. The money-grubbing business man who works till he gives himself an apoplectic stroke would be as well employed if he were drinking himself to death. Many a sweating employer, many a slave-dealer, many a rum-runner, has had as laborious a life as Milton, but his energies were no more virtuous than the energies of a footpad.

On the whole, indeed, I doubt whether the hard life is worth living unless it has for its object making life easier for other people. The patriot, the reformer, the man of science, the missionary—is it not at making life easier for other people that they chiefly aim? "Joy in widest commonalty spread"—that seems to me to be the only proper object of politics. Or, as one might put it more modestly, an easier life for as many other people as possible. Have the Italian and German leaders made life easier even for their own people? The evidence does not suggest it. They have certainly not made life easier for the Czechs or for Europeans in general. For gardens they offer us devastation, and for music the bursting of bombs. They are possessed by the illusion that a hard life devoted to the empty pursuit of power is a good thing in itself, and, under this illusion, are apparently prepared to doom their own people to destruction. It is to be hoped that their followers will awake to the realisation that an easy life is at least preferable to this, and that, even if they prefer a hard life for themselves, it is better for most people on the whole to be happy than to be miserable and to live in the world as in a playground rather than as in a not quite bomb-proof shelter.

Y. Y.

STANDING FIRM

["The annexation of Czechoslovakia may be the act of a much-worried man in a hurry."—*Scrutator* in *Sunday Times*, 26th March.]

WHEN Führers lie, it's something of a shock
And budding shoots of confidence are bruised,
While rumours of a democratic *bloc*
Attest to counsels wild and minds confused;
But after some few days of taking stock
The inexcusable may be excused—
(Though certain Powers would advocate suppression
Suppose another ventured on aggression.)

Encirclement is not Great Britain's end,
Nor is collective action her design,
But to inquire on whom she might depend
In case the situation should decline,
And she herself be called on to defend
Herself, if menaced from beyond the Rhine—
(Though by no means at one with world opinion
That any single Power seeks world dominion).

Great Britain takes her stand on right and law,
Condoning breaches with unfeigned regret,
And neither will the outstretched hand withdraw,
And neither truckle to the naked threat.
Some final provocation, or last straw
She waits, which has not been presented yet,
Resolved meantime to go to any distance
To fortify the line of least resistance.

SAGITTARIUS

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

Flora and Fauna

ALL nature is explosive now with the frenzy of production. Every morning it becomes more necessary to discover what has happened during the night. Lambs appear, calves appear, nests are made, eggs are laid, leaves develop, flowers open. Already a vixen has removed a litter of cubs from their home in too close proximity to the house, carrying them one by one by the scruff as a cat will carry kittens or a squirrel her young, trotting seriously with them to a safer spot. Few babies, I suppose, enjoy a more unsettled nursery than some fox-cubs, and the habit of constant *déménagement* must become part of their psychological make-up at a very early age. The smell of man is intolerable to a fox, and any suspected approach to an earth will lead to instant removal. I appreciate this misgiving, but still am sorry that the vixen should have found it necessary to go away. My chickens are so carefully wired in that she could have brought up her family in peace. Unluckily, one can explain such things to animals even less than one can to human beings.

How often, indeed, one regrets the impossibility of coming to a reasonable understanding with the animal world. If only I could say to a conference of jays and magpies, "Look here, I will gladly supply you with a daily ration of ordinary ducks' eggs, if in return you will agree to ignore the eggs of my precious Carolina ducks from whom I particularly want to breed," all would be well. It would also be much better for the jays and magpies, since I should not then be obliged to shoot them. If I could address a labour of moles and ask them merely to refrain from tunnelling their palace under the fritillaries, giving

them a free run elsewhere, all would again be well. They would not then have to be trapped. If I could explain to my dogs the exact area over which they might range with impunity they would then never have to be kept on a lead lest they should stray hunting on my neighbours' ground. It is all a very great pity, but how can one hope to communicate with creatures who have been denied even the gift of speech?

Meanwhile all nature is doing her best. Everything is growing, increasing, and preying on something else. Even a bantam, emulating the cuckoo, has turned a blackbird off her nest in order to use it for her own eggs. Unfortunately, the bantam being of a larger size, the nest does not fit, and the appropriation was revealed by the small omelette dropped on the ground underneath. Optimism continues to triumph. The blackbird has wisely gone off to build elsewhere. Blackbirds become remarkably bold at this time of the year. I stood watching one this morning, having its bath two yards away from me. Undisturbed by my presence, it perched on the edge of a tub, pecking at itself and shaking out its wings to the March air. It seemed to take a pride in its orange beak and glossy feathers, as though its business were to make itself as smart, clean, spring-like, male and attractive as possible. If once the blackbird recognised its inferiority in colouring to the Carolina Duck whose eggs are eaten by the beauteous jay, the blackbird might well give up the struggle in competition. But as they are native not exotic birds, and as England is on the whole a sober temperate island, the blackbird still persists, even as the daffodil still persists, the Lent lily still coming up through the grasses in the orchard.

Flora

The gardener is as busy as the vixen. His seedlings are coming up; and to the gardener his spring flowers are as dear as her cubs to their mother. He has taken as much trouble about them, as the wild mother carrying her babies for two months in her womb; and, even as the wild mother, he now wants to put them out into a place of safety.

Colour has crept insidiously over the garden during the last fortnight. Day by day, colour has grown. The golden curtain of the forsythia is especially splendid this year. I do not know why. I have never pruned my forsythia in the way I am told to prune it, "cut hard back to the old wood," in the terms of horticultural wisdom. Yet never has the forsythia, the Golden Bell tree, flowered more exuberantly.

The almonds, too, are exuberant, tossing their pink sprays. A foolish snobbery puts some people against almonds. Nothing could be more mistaken than this form of snobbery which condemns some lovely flowering trees just because they happen to thrive in suburban gardens. If a tree is beautiful in itself, it retains its beauty even though it may have come into common use. Nothing can be lovelier than the blossoms of *Amygdalus communis dulcis* against the pale blue of an English March sky, unless against the deeper blue of Sicily or Greece.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

HENRY THORNTON (1760-1815)

A GREAT-GRANDFATHER of mine stirs in his grave, perhaps for the last time. This week, on the afternoons and evenings of Friday, March the 31st and Saturday, April the 1st, an exhibition will be held at Clapham, where he lived, and in the school that has been named after him: the Henry Thornton School; the address is 45 South Side, Clapham Common, S.W., in case anyone cares to go. I look forward to going myself. The exhibition will be partly commercial and technical, but it will have an historical side, including a fine collection of prints of Old Clapham, Battersea Rise where my ancestor lived will be included, and he and the life he stood for will be offered again to the public, it may be for the last time.

What sort of life was it? Let his friend and executor, Sir Robert Inglis, testify: "His piety was fervent, and yet sober; his liberality was magnificent and yet discriminating; his charity was large and yet not latitudinarian; his self-denial was rigorous yet unobtrusive." This is a very fair estimate. Like the man himself, it does not go too far. There is also extant a charming portrait of him by Hoppner, but this does not go too far either; calmness, moderation and restraint dominate in its well-ordered scheme. Mr. Thornton's chin is firm without ferocity, his mouth ascetic without fanaticism, his forehead intelligent without fire, in his right hand is a parliamentary bill. The restless modern mind, skimming over all these solidities, finds nothing to laugh at, nothing to condemn, and nothing to die for, and becomes unsympathetic, partly through envy. Here is neither a sinner, a mystic, nor an artist—types which the modern mind can comprehend, and in whose presence it does not feel rebuked. Here is only a successful banker, an extensive philanthropist, a devout Christian, an affectionate husband and a judicious father, a loyal friend, an upright citizen, an incorruptible M.P.:

> Nor place or pension e'er got he
> For self or for connection;
> We shall not tax the Treasury
> By Thornton's re-election.

Sound: but not exciting; not even inspiring.

He has two claims on the notice of posterity. One of these is a volume of Family Prayers, the other is an *Essay on Paper Credit*.

The prayers were composed from time to time, to be read aloud to his own household at Battersea Rise. In the end, there were over sixty of them, one for each morning and evening in the month. With characteristic modesty, he never thought of publishing them, but they were copied by friends and circulated among other members of the Clapham Sect, and twenty years after his death Sir Robert Inglis gathered them into a volume. This had an enormous success. Between 1834 and 1854 it ran into as many as thirty-one editions, and within living memory our family were still receiving royalties from its sales. The prayers are of the usual type. They consist of vague contrition, vague thankfulness, and somewhat precise instructions to God on the subject of His own attributes. They borrow their cadences from the Book of Common Prayer and from unimaginative recollections of the Bible, all the splendours and the strangenesses of sacred literature are absent, and it is difficult to understand why their smooth rhetoric was preferred when so much better was to hand, and why the use of them became in the mid-nineteenth century the distinctive sign of true Evangelism:

> O God, who hast commanded us in Thy word to call upon Thy name, and hast declared that Thou hearest and answerest the prayers of those who make their supplications unto Thee, we desire now to offer up our petitions, under a deep sense of our unworthiness, and of Thy manifold and great mercies.

This level is consistently maintained through all sixty prayers; the prose never rises, never falls. "Manifold and great mercies," indeed! What can the words have conveyed to the reader or to the family and the servants who listened to them from opposite ends of the great room at Battersea Rise? To us they mean nothing at all. We get something quite different out of them; no meaning, but an aroma, the aroma of a vanished society, the sense of well-to-do people on their knees, the solid chairs into which the elbows dig, the antimacassared backs against which the foreheads rest, the voice of the master of the house, confronting his Maker in a monotone, and, if the hour be morning, the great virgin breakfast table, clothed all in white like a bride. For three generations it was a problem to religious Englishmen whether the breakfast dishes should come in before prayers and so get cold, or should come in after, which meant a wait, and an unpleasant sense of hanging in a void between two worlds. I do not know which decision my great-grandfather took, but there is a story that in later years his daughter Marianne read the same passage out of the Bible again and again, because she was paralysed by the sight of the cat on the breakfast table eating the ham, and felt unable to stop either the cat or herself.

Family Prayers went out with the family. When the children were limited and the servants went into factories and the death-duties cut property to pieces, these daily gatherings of

piety and plenty came to a natural end. Little houses have been built to-day upon the noble lawns of Battersea Rise, and upon the site of its great library which William Pitt designed, and those little houses listen to the 10.15 religious service on the wireless, if they listen at all. Distracted by earthly chores, they hear from Broadcasting House the voice of an enlightened clergyman who tries to make religion realistic and definite and to give spiritual tips; he vibrates like a weathercock to international troubles, he grapples with daily trivialities, he enhaloes the ticket collectors, bus conductors, waitresses, and L.C.C. ambulances whom we encounter during the drab suburban day; he even glances at pet animals. A modern St. Francis, he believes in detail. The Henry Thornton prayers avoid detail, they generalise, they are a discipline and an institution, their well-worn phrases, "manifold mercies" and the rest of it, would interfere with the general effect if they bore too clear-cut a meaning. The Clapham Sect listened, rose from its knees, ate, and then made money—made as much as ever it could, and then gave as much as it could away. The activity in either direction was immense. Thanks to the economic conditions of the times, wealth rushed down these worthy people's throats from morn to eve, and not being psychologists they thought it would have no effect upon their souls if they purged themselves promptly. The devil is subtler than that. He, like Christ, understands the deceitfulness of riches: the deceitfulness which many a bitter example now brings to the light. Wealth always fattens the person who swallows it, no matter how promptly he purges, and it is significant that in spite of his fabulous charities Henry Thornton left all his nine children extremely well off, and that some of his money has even descended to myself. Very little; the last trickle of the golden stream before it expires in the sands of taxation. Still, enough to remind me that there was an age when to get rich and to be good were harmonious.

A similar hope is held by the Quakers, to whom the Clapham Sect has sometimes been compared. They hold it with better reason, because they have what the Claphamites lacked: a touch of mysticism, a sense of the unseen, and a capacity for martyrdom. These impulses—whatever their objective value, do really purge the soul, in a way which alms-giving and self-examination cannot; they do lift the participant into a region outside money, whereas charity only keeps a man running to and fro, from his business to his deserving cause, and then back to his business. He relieves distress, which the miser doesn't, but he, too, is bound on the wheel. This indifference to the unseen seems to me the great defect in my great-grandfather's set, and the reason why they have not made a bigger name in history. It came out in everything—in the books they collected, in the letters my great-aunts wrote to one another, and in the comments which they made upon life, which are surprisingly dry for people so pious. Poetry, mystery, passion, ecstasy, music, don't count.

Henry Thornton's second claim on the notice of posterity is his treatise on Paper Money. It has lately been re-edited, by an eminent economist.* Both his father and his brother were directors of the Bank of England, and he married the daughter of a wealthy Yorkshire merchant. Thanks to his training and to his ability, he became one of the leading bankers of his age, in close touch with the provincial banking system which was then springing up, and also in touch with developments in London and with questions of foreign exchange and foreign trade. His treatise which he published in 1802 had a great effect at the time, and was to be praised by John Stuart Mill, but it was eclipsed by the work of Ricardo, and was almost forgotten by the end of the century. At the time of the War it was rediscovered by economists in America, and according to Professor von Hayek, it is full of importance for students of the present situation; he speaks of Thornton's acumen, great intellectual power, and width of outlook, and states that the treatise extends far beyond the occasion which evoked it, and is a major contribution to the science of banking.

To the general public the theory of Paper Credit is as remote as Family Prayers, and I wonder with what emotion, if with any, they will see the name of my ancestor when they visit the Clapham exhibition this week. They will remember him, perhaps, as the man who helped Wilberforce to free the slaves—a great work, to be sure, and a work which now needs all doing over again. For the world has not progressed as Henry Thornton hoped. The evils in human nature, which he realised, and the evils in commercialism, which he could not realise, have combined to pull it down, and the religious remedies he proposed seem to-day formal and trifling. But they worked well enough in his own circle and on himself. He died comparatively young, and happy. His manuscript diary is in my possession, and I will transcribe from it the final sentence which was written only a few months before his death:

> I think if it should please God to gild the evening of the life of my most beloved wife with a few more rays of comfort, sustaining her delicate body and making our children more and more evidently pious, which would be one great joy to her soul, if He should also afford to me that measure of success in business which shall enable me to prepare a good and safe station for my successor in the Banking house in which I am concerned, and if He shall also keep me from falling into any new temptations and dangers, I may consider myself as highly favoured by Providence, for how few can I discover round me who have half my prosperity, or who can look with so little reason for apprehension on a numerous family of children.

E. M. FORSTER

* Henry Thornton: *The Paper Credit of Great Britain.* Edited, with an Introduction, by Professor F. A. von Hayek. Allen and Unwin. 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE MOVIES

"Professor Mamlock," at the Film Society
"A Man to Remember," lately at the Plaza
"The March of Time," No. 12, Fourth Year
"Three Smart Girls Grow Up," at the Leicester Square
"Made for Each Other," at the London Pavilion (from Monday)
"Les Yeux Noirs," at the Berkeley
"Inspector Hornleigh," at the New Gallery (from Sunday)

IT is from every point of view desirable that *Professor Mamlock* should be publicly shown, and if possible widely distributed, in this country. Artistically the most distinguished Russian film that has reached us for some years, it handles in a sober and convincing manner a theme of vital importance. The film portrays the course of events at the time of the 1933 revolution as they are reflected in the lives of private citizens. Of its two directors one is Russian, the other German, and no doubt the latter is responsible for a reconstruction of the Berlin background so authentic that we are quickly reconciled to the strange effect of Russian speech proceeding from German lips. Everything is right: the heavy domestic interiors are German down to the last fringe, tassel and ornamental lamp-shade; so are the *Bierstuben* and the cellars and warehouses in which political meetings are held. The story which unfolds itself against this background is one of Jewish persecution and of the attempts to consolidate a People's Front in the early days of the Nazi régime before the Gestapo had reached its later ruthless efficiency. Its central figure is an honoured and brilliant Jewish surgeon who is also the director of a great hospital—a part played by S. Mezhinski with massive and unimpaired dignity; his tormentors are not the crude figures of propaganda but simply those stupid, stolid, artificially stern faces familiar from a hundred newsreels. The film culminates in a moment of splendid drama when Professor Mamlock proclaims from a balcony his belief that the old Germany of poetry, science and philosophy must some day be reborn; for a minute or two the black-uniformed automata in the street below listen to the unexpected and unanswerable indictment from above; then one of them remembers his machine gun and silences the voice of conscience and truth.

A Man to Remember is a humble film, made on a small budget by Garson Kanin, which will probably have been superseded at the Plaza by the time these notes appear. But it should not be missed. It tells, with patent and moving sincerity, the story of a small town doctor who never made much money because most of his patients lived at the wrong end of the town and had none. But he served the community for the whole of his life so faithfully and honestly that four thousand people line the sidewalks to see his funeral. The director uses a retrospective plan, similar to that of *Carnet de Bal*, to show the episodes in his steady fight against municipal complacence. There are moments when he seems too eager to court our sympathy, and the part of the doctor's son is conventionally written and badly played. But the unswerving sincerity of Edward Ellis's performance as Dr. Abbott and the simple nobility of its idea make this an outstanding film. To see it in the middle of a week fouled by the oratory of Berlin and Rome is, for an hour or so, to refresh one's sense of human decency, kindliness and good sense.

In *Mexico's New Crisis* the March of Time paints the Cardenas régime in favourable colours apart from the seizure of the oil plants; and in *Youth Prepares* the same bulletin contrasts the militarised youth organisations of the dictatorships with the individualist and peaceful doctrine of the Boy Scout Movement. Otherwise the week's films are all more or less frivolous. By far the best of them is the new Deanna Durbin, *Three Smart Girls Grow Up*, which is also her best picture. Apart from her voice and charm, her special gift is that of absolute naturalness: to see her career about the house or mooch upstairs in a huff one can hardly believe that it is a set and that she has not lived there always, in the middle of the pleasant family we first encountered in *Three Smart Girls*. Though their parents are wealthy, and they are all "out," the three sisters still share a bedroom; and the scenes in which they go through the complicated feminine ritual which precedes bed, chattering to each other, teasing, and generally giving vent to their high spirits, could hardly be more naturalistic if it were signed by Chehov himself. Joan gets engaged to the man Kay loves; and Penny (Miss Durbin) observing Kay's unhappiness insists on knowing the reason; for, as she very properly remarks, "You can't be unhappy for no reason at all—unless you're a Russian." Armed with a philosophy so robust as this, it is no wonder that the Craig girls achieve a satisfactory solution to their difficulties very unlike the ending of Chehov's play, but Penny's embarrassing efforts to right matters make the chief theme. Charles Winniger and Ernest Cossart are most amusing as absent-minded business-man and philosophical butler, respectively; while Miss Durbin has never displayed to better advantage her singular freedom from the characteristic vices of either the precocious child or the coy debutante; never was the awkward age less awkward. She sings as deliciously as ever, and the Leicester Square staff deserve our special thanks for their moderation with the amplifying switch: the reproduction was excellent.

Made for Each Other is a sentimental but frequently amusing comedy about the typical trials of a young married couple—a dreadful mother-in-law, shortage of money, the baby's pneumonia, and so on. James Stewart is excellent as the good-natured young husband who does not know how to push his way in business, but Carole Lombard, making a praiseworthy attempt to escape from type-casting, does not quite bring off her more emotional scenes. Still it makes an enjoyable movie. *Les Yeux Noirs* was made some years ago, and I cannot account for its belated appearance here. It is a story, set in old St. Petersburg, of a *maître d'hôtel* who brings up his daughter in ignorance of his profession, and it is obviously designed to lead up to the big scene in which the innocent girl is entertained by a professional seducer in a private room at the restaurant over which her father presides. Harry Baur gives a subtle and amusing account of the head waiter with a double life and plays the final *Rigoletto* situation for all it is worth, but even he cannot disguise the conventional nature of the plot. Simone Simon exploits her pouting charm in a series of hackneyed situations but delightful frocks; I must confess, however, that I find this actress a little too sweet for my taste; to see her in *Les Yeux Noirs* is like munching at one go a whole boxful of Black Magic, "those chocs with the gorgeous centres." The first two or three are scrumptious. . . .

Inspector Hornleigh is an English comedy thriller with a mechanical but insufficiently ingenious plot relieved by amusing performances from Gordon Harker and Alastair Sim as the investigating detectives. The background music, as often happens with British films, is far above the average; but there is not a word on the programme to reveal its origin.

PETER GALWAY

THE CAMDEN TOWN GROUP

THE Redfern Gallery is to be thanked for organising this interesting and, to English amateurs, important exhibition. The significance of the school has been overlooked, and, what is much worse, the merits of the artists—with the exception of Sickert—too little appreciated. For a school it was, though anyone getting his first impression from this exhibition might be pardoned for thinking otherwise. Doubtless the organisers have their technical excuse for hanging the romantic ebullitions of John, Innes and others amongst the careful and searching works of Sickert, Gore, Gilman, Lucien Pissarro, Ginner and Lightfoot: all contributed to "Sickert's Saturday Afternoons" in Fitzroy Street; all presumably showed together in some larger exhibitions; nevertheless, the carefree Chelsea artists and the thoughtful Camden Towners are antipodal. The mixture not only destroys the homogeneity of the show, it confounds history; however, let us be grateful for what we have received. This is an exhibition which will set a good many collectors and public galleries accusing themselves of obtuseness; and even the Tate, where Sickert alone of the group is adequately represented, might blush, had it not already begun to do so—a tinned-salmon pink—for other and less intelligible reasons.

The first thing that strikes one on entering the gallery is Sickert; but about Sickert nothing need be said except what has been said over and over again—that he is the best living painter in England and one of the best in Europe. The next thing to strike one is the eminence of Gore. Gore has always been admired, but not sufficiently. His sensibility was never in question; his power of recording it was. As became a man whose visual experience was exquisitely sharp but who yet was a poet at heart, he started his artistic life without any undue confidence in his technical ability. He loved paint, as every picture here proclaims, but he was not the man to slosh it on and fear nothing. His two most important exhibits, *Portrait* and *The Fig Tree*, reveal him as anything but the ape of Sickert—a charge sometimes absurdly brought against him; they show how intelligently he studied the French Impressionists, and how much he owed to his proper talent. All his own is the beautifully sure spacing, the building up of harmonious passages in curiously discovered tones, and the sometimes deliciously unexpected design. Towards the end of his life he was deeply impressed, as he told me himself, by the Post-Impressionist exhibitions at the Grafton Gallery, and his last works show it. He died in 1914, when he was but thirty-six, and left enough to prove that he was a genuine artist, with a delicate, personal sense of beauty and a gift of expression, capable of improvement, and improving.

Gilman certainly was deeply influenced by Sickert; and I think it is true to say that he never liberated himself completely, or, at any rate, not till the very end of his life. He, too, died much too soon—at the age of forty-three; and this exhibition makes me realise what, to my shame, I had not realised before, how much English painting lost by his death. He learnt from Sickert, and he learnt well. He learnt to look, and to look before he leaped. Of a slow temperament, he

analysed exhaustively and was in no haste to affirm; but his affirmations, when he makes them, are reassuringly honest and convinced. Also, that beneath the Sickertian manner there is a personal vision, which manifests itself sometimes in delightful harmonies, let his nude (No. 31) bear witness. The gods must have loved these men—though you might not have thought so when looking at some of them; Lightfoot, one of the most promising of his generation, died when he was only twenty-six. He is represented here by a single drawing which unluckily gives hardly a taste of his quality. The preface to the catalogue oddly connects his style with Seurat; I should have thought Millet would have been nearer the mark, though, Heaven knows, that would be wide enough. But a little oddity in judgment is to be expected from a catalogue which informs us that Gilman painted "*Halifax Harbour* for Imperial War Museum" in 1913. The museum was founded in 1917, and *Halifax Harbour* is not in it.*

Since an avowed object of the exhibition is "to view their work in the light of to-day's Art developments," it is surprising that our attention should not have been drawn to what is indeed a remarkable and interesting similarity—the similarity between the Camden Town group and the Euston Road. In both cases a band of able and intensely sincere artists set themselves, deliberately I think, to avoid the Scylla and Charybdis of British painting, Romanticism and Pre-Raphaelitism. On the one hand, they would save themselves from the poetic licentiousness of Turner, the meretricious allure of Raeburn and the empty prettiness of Romney; on the other, from the mean, meticulous outlining of the Brethren and their trivial, uplifting anecdotes. They were resolved to keep their eye on the object and render what they found in paint. Paint and the fact were what mattered to both. It is perhaps significant that some of the Camden Towners styled themselves Neo-Realists, and that the men of Euston are pleased, on appropriate occasions, to hear themselves called Social Realists. There is this much sense in it anyhow; both schools meant to find the stuff of art in common life, and both went for motifs to London life at its commonest, to Camden Town and Euston—the regions overlap. Being sensible, they accepted the fact—and how unwilling British painters have been to accept it—that the French masters of the nineteenth and early twentieth century were the masters of their age. Having accepted, these sensible and sincere English painters, after learning all that it was in their nature to learn from the French, betook themselves as sensibly, with their acquired skill and comprehension and their innate gifts, to the most English corners of England. There, and thus armed, they set themselves to express their proper sense of personal experiences. That way lies hope for British painting. CLIVE BELL

* Probably it is in some provincial museum, or in Canada.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Taming of the Shrew," at the Old Vic

Having turned *The Midsummer Night's Dream* into a pantomime, Mr. Tyrone Guthrie now turns *The Taming of the Shrew* into a harlequinade—a much more justifiable proceeding. The plot, if one for an instant believed in it, would be intolerable, a contest of brutality between two almost certifiable neurotics. It belongs to an archaic tradition which was later developed and refined by the *Commedia d'Arte*, and Mr. Guthrie has made it as carefully unreal as any ballet. A more elaborate production we have never seen in England, and the rehearsal required must have been enormous. Each actor has to execute, as it were, a complicated and almost continuous dance, which they accomplished with skilful gusto. Mr. Roger Furse's decor places him at the head of English theatrical designers. In a frame suggestive of Caroline sumptuousness, he has given the players costumes that recall the antic garishness of the old Italian comedy. He uses very brilliantly screens that are in themselves enchanting, and the whole effect is romantic and beautiful, a carnival of festivity for the eye. Against one detail emphatic protest is necessary: in the wedding-scene Petruchio appears with a diminutive straw-hat and a pair of would-be comic stays. The whole artfully built up baroque world is thus wantonly destroyed for the sake of one cheap laugh. Such a puerile vulgarity in so brilliantly imagined a production is quite incomprehensible. The slapstick and custard-pie business, on the other hand, are not out of keeping; but especially in the first act, Mr. Guthrie overdoes the tumbling and the fustigation. The unforgivable fault, however, is that hardly one line in three is audible. This is one of Shakespeare's weakest plays, but it does contain some poetry, much wit and a superb Elizabethan richness of phrase. To neglect this is an outrage. Let us hear the words, or else move the show to the Sadler's Wells, and make it frankly a ballet. The strain of listening unsuccessfully to gabble for three hours spoils what might be an enchanting evening. Mr. Livesey sweetened Petruchio with a sense of humour, and played the wooing-scene specially well: he was audible, but monotonous in voice. Miss Ursula Jeans's Katharina was flawless; every word could be heard, even when her voice was low, she took the part into fairyland where the Beast can be metamorphorised into a Beauty, and gave us humorous charm as well as boisterous ferocity. Mr. Helpmann coruscated in three various parts—if he can develop his voice, he will become a remarkable actor. Mr. Frank Napier and Mr. Frederick Bennett acted excellently, and so did Mr. Esmé Percy, who should be persuaded to give the Old Vic company lessons in articulation. Mr. Guthrie's tendency to throw the words down the drain has on other occasions been more disastrous, but never so apparent. In other respects this is his most brilliant production, and one that everyone interested in the art of the theatre should try to see.

"The Man in Half Moon Street," at the New

A well-known dramatic critic has compared this play to *Faust*, and although Mr. Banks' ambitions are confined to an attempt to live for ever by means of adrenal grafting and the consumption of radium-impregnated water, *The Man in Half Moon Street* succeeds in providing a good number of Mephistophelian highlights. Mr. Banks has a good many difficulties to contend with. The periodic glandular surgery necessary to keep him from showing his ninety-odd years comes very expensive, while his habit of getting the money by provoking gullible clerks into robbing their firms and then dissolving the wretched men in baths of acid is obviously bound to end in serious trouble. Add to this a tendency (due to the radium) to glow in the dark with terrifying phosphorescence, and you have all the material for an old-style melodrama. It would be unfair to reveal details of the ingenious plot; one may only mention that the would-be immortal ends by ageing before our eyes in a horrible and surprising fashion that would have delighted the old theatre even more than it did the New. The cast clearly enjoyed themselves, and Mr. Leslie Banks carried his unfamiliar viciousness with dash and polish, while Mr. Dwyer and Mr. Butler displayed genial unscrupulousness on opposite sides of the criminal code. But the highest praise belongs to Mr. Morland Graham whose kindly, muddled, pathetic little clerk was the cream and quintessence of the whole down-trodden kind. His performance is such a gem that it deserved a better setting than a bright, unusual but rather second-class thriller.

"A Day in October," at The Torch Theatre

Although Georg Kaiser's *A Day in October* had a short season at the Gate some years ago it is not widely known to the English public, and the Torch Theatre are to be congratulated on giving us another opportunity of seeing this remarkable play. The theme is a curious one. The adolescent niece of an aristocratic family falls in love with, or rather develops a mystical passion for, a young officer she passes casually in the street, and the same night forces an unpleasant butcher's boy to get her with child under the impression that he is her idealised lover. The officer is accused by her uncle of the seduction, clears himself but falls in love with her rapt sincerity and acknowledges the child as his own, until reality, in the person of the butcher's boy, breaks brutally in on this union of the spirit. Stated thus crudely the plot seems tenuous and even a trifle ridiculous. The strength of the play rests in its superb economy of dialogue and the strong yet subtle deliniation of personality. It is Herr Kaiser's skill that his characters are both special individuals and the expression of general types: thus the bitter pride of the old uncle and the uneasily vital vulgarity of the butcher's boy are at once peculiar to their subjects and typical of the whole classes they represent. Only Catherine, the niece, stands apart, and we are never quite sure whether she is a schizophrenic or the mother of a saviour. With one important exception the acting was of a very high

standard. Mr. Richard Littledale was a butcher's boy at once unpleasant and sympathetic, Mr. Pardoe Woodman as the uncle showed an admirably aristocratic restraint, and Miss Joan Scott made an inscrutable and mature Catherine. *A Day in October* fails to be great drama but misses only by quite a narrow margin. It remains, however, an extremely interesting play and more than repays a visit to Knightsbridge.

Edward Ardizzone at the Nicholson Gallery
John Strachey at the Mayor

The Nicholson Gallery, 45 St. James's Place, is showing a large collection of drawings and water-colours by Mr. Ardizzone. There is nothing very new to say about this artist—we can only repeat our previous praise. The best illustrator in England, he continues the tradition of Rowlandson, Cruikshank and Keene. He delights in touts and tarts, blowsy barmaids, wrestlers, and the stationary couples clipping statue-like at the corner of the Square. Bardolph and the Wife of Bath, Moll Flanders and Mrs. Gamp, exuberate in his sketches. He chronicles, with affectionate chuckles, all the grossness of our flesh. He is the opposite of Lady Astor and Mr. Graham Greene. In his latest drawings he has developed a new elegance, influenced apparently by Guys: *The Cinema*, for instance, is deliciously drawn. His illustrations for *Richard III* seem to us uninspired and unlucky. But the exhibition as a whole shows that he is developing wider sensibility.

Mr. John Strachey's paintings at the Mayor Gallery exemplify the dangers to which the contemporary painter is exposed. Instead of slowly developing from observation of nature, a method appropriate to his own vision, a man of talent can take ready-made the methods of older artists, and make pictures that look like good pictures, but only for a moment. Mr. Strachey chucks on his paint with the greatest confidence, but hardly ever in his pictures can one see any evidence of the serious artist's patience and humility. In *Arish Mell*, for instance, there are whirlpools of paint—it is all very dashing, but does not bear examination. We are reminded of singers with strong natural voices that they have not taken the trouble to train. At the Royal Academy superficiality is applauded, but since Mr. Strachey evidently desires to use his genuine gifts for a more discriminating public, he needs to complete the labours of apprenticeship.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, March 31st—
- Emergency Conference on Co-operation with Russia for Peace, Friends House, 8. Speakers: Miss A. McKinnon, Vyvyan Adams, D. N. Pritt. And Delegate Conference on April 1st, 3–6.
- Film: "Spanish Earth," Speakers: John Goss and Jack Bates. Singing by Basque Children, Conway Hall, 8.

SATURDAY, April 1st—
- An Informal Concert consisting of Madrigals, Part Songs and Music for Recorders, Tavistock Little Theatre, 8.
- Festival of Music for the People, Albert Hall.

SUNDAY, April 2nd—
- R. H. S. Crossman: "Practical Morality," Conway Hall, 11.
- Recital by Gigli, Albert Hall, 3.
- Recital by Exiled Austrian Refugees, Kings Weigh House Church, Duke Street, W.1, 3.15. Admission free, collection.
- W. Shebbeare: "Nazi Economics," 86 Rochester Row, 8.

MONDAY, April 3rd—
- P. R. Kimber: "Problems Arising Out of the New Divorce Law," Conway Hall, 8.
- People's Music Festival Concert, Conway Hall, 8.15.
- Opening of Shakespeare Festival, Stratford-on-Avon.

WEDNESDAY, April 5th—
- Le Play Society's Tours and Field Courses commence. Particulars from 1 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

Correspondence

A NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

SIR,—The country is in extreme danger, but it is likely that we could still save ourselves—by a rapid policy of defensive alliances abroad and by systematic organisation of production and manpower at home. Our present Government is impotent to take such action. Those whose blindness and lethargy have exposed us to this danger still persuade themselves that it is not immediate. This may be in them a natural form of self-justification, but can the Opposition be said to show any greater realism? Their present policy seems based on hopes of an early General Election that will give them a majority, but one may doubt if even they really believe in the likelihood of this. In face of our danger we must demand of them something more than empty opposition. All of us from Lord Lloyd to Mr. Gallacher, all except perhaps a handful of Fascists, would be united in regarding a German occupation of this country with extreme horror. Can we not be united in making such an occupation impossible?

If the Opposition proposed the formation of a coalition to include Mr. Morrison and Sir Stafford Cripps as well as Sir Archibald Sinclair and Mr. Eden, I believe the Government might agree, if only because such a reconstruction would be enormously popular with the general body of electors. If war comes, such a Government will no doubt be formed. If it is formed now, war may possibly be avoided. But the public can have no more confidence in the Opposition than in the Government, so long as the Labour leaders continue to bicker among themselves, and to proclaim, with pathetic insularity, that compulsory service is a form of Fascism.

The first purpose of such a coalition would, of course, be to form a pact with Russia and if possible with Poland, Rumania, Jugoslavia, Switzerland and Holland.

If the Opposition cannot make this movement, our democracy is likely to meet the fate it will have deserved. As the German troops march through London, the Prime Minister will still be declaring that he is shocked, but that it is too early to form any definite conclusions; and Mr. Attlee will be found wrangling with Sir Stafford Cripps, when the Gestapo come to arrest them—if indeed they are thought worth arresting.

A LABOUR VOTER

UNIVERSITY GRADUATES AND NATIONAL SERVICE

SIR,—It is not generally known, we believe, that persons with special scientific and professional qualifications may shortly be asked to enrol on a National Register, so that their services will be available to the Government in time of war. This will replace the partial plans that were hurriedly devised in the September crisis, and will involve a more definite undertaking. Whilst many would wish to give their aid in the type of war that threatened at that time, the vacillating behaviour of the National Government then and, more strikingly so, in the present crisis, should warn us not to bind ourselves unconditionally to serve under its leadership.

On Saturday, March 18th, the Association of University Labour Parties held a special Conference in London to discuss the attitude that should be taken by graduates to this question. The Conference formulated its position as follows: That the precise attitude to be taken must, in the last resort, be a matter for each individual, but that it was desirable for Socialists to make their adhesion to the Register, which they were given to understand will not in any case be legally binding, conditional on the Government following a policy consistent with democratic principles. It was decided to recommend that those signing the Register should be advised to add to their signatures the following condition or some form of words having a similar meaning. "I give notice that I shall regard this undertaking as binding upon me only to the extent that the Government's war aims are and remain consistent with the principles of collective security and the defence of democracy."

In view of the fact that large numbers of your readers will be faced with the necessity of making a decision about signing the Register in the near future, we should be glad if you could find space for the publication of our recommendation.

For the Association of University Labour Parties,
G. D. H. COLE, Chairman
V. E. COSLETT, Secretary

THE U.S.A. AND EUROPE

SIR,—Mr. Lindley states that "in 1917, even after we had declared war on Germany, it was generally assumed in this country [the U.S.A.] that we would limit ourselves to financial and naval aid to the allies." Had this been true, the emotional ballyhoo that accompanied the American declaration of war (indeed, preceded it) would surely have been excessive. Mr. Lindley goes on, "we ended by training and transporting the greatest expeditionary force ever sent across an ocean." A "draft" Bill was introduced immediately after the declaration of war and was passed within six weeks of the declaration. What does

Mr. Lindley think was to be done with the immense army thus made possible except to send it to Europe? Only if the war had stopped in 1917 would the limited liability war of Mr. Lindley's imagination have been possible. Few modern historical revisions are more necessary than a cool examination of the fashionable American Left-wing account of America's role between 1914 and 1918. D. W. BROGAN

Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

THE GERMAN PEOPLE

SIR,—Everywhere to-day people are discussing the chances of averting war. One possibility, however, is seldom mentioned—the possibility of the Nazi regime being overthrown. To many of us, war appears inevitable unless this comes about.

Great as are the difficulties, I suggest that much larger efforts should be made by this country to "get over" its political and social views to the people of Germany. Straight news, though valuable, is not sufficient. The German people must be persuaded that the democratic countries do not believe that their Government is truly representative of them, or their interests; they must be told that they are following blindly a mystical and fanatical leader.

I would make two suggestions: first, that the B.B.C. should increase the strength of its broadcasts to Germany, so that in addition to sending over the straight news, it should make a strong appeal to the German people that they should discover and consider the point of view of the democracies; second, that every effort should be made by interested clubs, societies and individuals to make contact with their opposite numbers in Germany.

I write this with the firm conviction that if the masses of Germany could be made to realise whither they are being led, and the price that they will surely have to pay (and, indeed, are at present paying) for this their hour of glory, the force of public opinion would be sufficient to check, or displace, the German Government.

Cannot this country then, with the help of the other democracies, supply the Germans with the information and encouragement which they need to resist their leaders? Such action on our part could not worsen the present situation; it might—and if vigorous enough, I believe it would—achieve its object. D. H. GLYN

22 Wendover Court,
Finchley Road, N.W.2.

A DEBT OF HONOUR

SIR,—Among the many groups of refugees from Fascist savagery who have claims on our sympathy, there is one for which we would appeal, because it has no backers. Our plea is for the German, Austrian and Sudeten-German volunteers who served in the International Brigade in Spain. Save for the disabled cripples among them, they are not broken men. They have kept the gallantry that carried them through two and a half years of this pitiless war. Where all fought superbly, no body of men in this cosmopolitan force had a finer record for disciplined courage than the Thaelmann Battalion. The countries from which they came are now enslaved and from them no help can come. They number 1,900 men, of whom 1,350 are still in the camps near Perpignan, where they suffered from the same neglect as their Spanish comrades. If their case is somewhat better to-day, they owe it chiefly to the generosity of the German civilian refugees in France, who have taxed their own destitution to aid them. Some of the volunteers have been rescued from the misery of semi-starvation of the camps. They are so far fortunate that they are living in Paris on a dole of 8*s.* a week, provided by their fellow-refugees.

Plans are being made for the future of these veterans by a German Committee, which includes Einstein, Ernst Toller, Breitscheid and Stampfer with Ludwig Renn and four other officers who fought in Spain. Some of the men can be placed in the French armaments industry and others on the land. A few are going to Scandinavia and Belgium. There are two schemes that may provide for a large number of men. Mexico, which welcomes Spanish refugees with open arms, will also take some Germans, and there may be an open door also in Chile. From our personal knowledge of these men, whom one of us saw in camp at Guadalajara after their victory, their virtues and intelligence should be a gain to these countries. But the cost of transport will be heavy. To settle 200 men in Mexico about £6,820 would be needed.

Most of these men—such is their gallantry—prefer to remain in Europe. They have an account to settle with the Nazi tyranny. For a few of them there is a prospect of colonising some abandoned French villages in a region to the south of the Dordogne. Buildings are available, and the Ministry of Agriculture will provide implements. The Committee reckons that the modest sum of £46 would suffice as capital for each man. One hundred men can be settled here. The definite negotiations with the French authorities could begin if we could provide £280. Towards this we have £120 in hand.

The need, as your readers will perceive, is as urgent as it is unlimited. Money is wanted daily, firstly to lessen the suffering in these shameful camps, then to send men to jobs near at hand, but chiefly to finance settlement in Mexico and France. We have before us detailed estimates which convince us that the Committee is doing its work not only with great devotion, but also with German thoroughness. Your readers have helped us, since November, to send out £4,350 worth of food to Spain. We all owe a debt of honour towards these men. Cheques should go to our treasurer, Mr. Austen Albu, 20 East Heath Road, N.W.3. The work of our Committee is done by volunteers: it has no expenses.

H. N. BRAILSFORD, Chairman
J. POLE, Secretary
Labour Spain Committee

POPULATION

SIR,—I find it difficult to understand why my attitude to the problem of the unmarried mother, though admittedly unsympathetic as compared with the point of view advanced by Dr. Roberts, should be described by him as "applause" for a "revolting and wicked" prejudice. I do not deny that this prejudice is harsh and terrible in its consequences; but it still seems to me, for the reasons I have already outlined, a sociological necessity which must be allowed to override more personal considerations.

I join issue with Dr. Roberts not on the question of sympathy for the unmarried mother, but on what I regard as the anti-social implications of his contention that she performs a function of equal value with that of her more law-abiding, or, if you prefer it, more conventional sisters. Group-living, surely, not only compels the individual to modify his instinctive impulses in the larger interests of society as a whole, but also invests him with responsibility for the collective consequences of his actions. On this view I hold motherhood to be not a personal right but a social privilege. Dr. Roberts's opinion appears to me to reverse this dictum, and thereby to create even greater social difficulties than those he is attempting to resolve. J. M. HALFORD

British Columbia House,
1–3 Regent Street, S.W.1.

SIR,—As the mother of a so-called "illegitimate" infant I should be interested if Mr. Halford would kindly explain precisely why such an infant "*must inevitably* (my italics) become . . . a burden to a number of people who are in no way responsible for its existence." Looking at the formidable array of paraphernalia which my small daughter finds necessary to her well-being it seems to me that, instead of being a burden, she must be helping to give employment to quite a number of people—not to mention doctors, nurses and laundrymen. True, she is exclusively a consumer and so far has not contributed anything to the national wealth, but that is a distinction which she shares with every other two-months-old baby. Also, if I may say so, with the Most Exclusive Circles—our wealthy and able-bodied unemployed, who certainly are a very considerable burden on thousands of people in no way responsible for their existence.

Mr. Halford says he is prepared to defend to the last ditch the right of a woman to refuse to bear a child. So am I. But such a statement is merely insulting coming from a man who denies a woman the right to exercise her chief biological function unless she does so strictly in accordance with the requirements of this or that taboo. Let me assure him that there are many women, neither "half-witted" nor "outside the bounds of ordinary argument," who are prepared to defend to the last ditch the right of a healthy and responsible citizen to undertake the obligations of motherhood without incurring the further obligations (and disabilities) of marriage, and her right to enjoy the sole legal guardianship of her own child after it is born, as she enjoys the sole natural guardianship of it in the months before its birth.

Mr. Halford may be impervious to arguments based on natural rights or on the cost in terms of human misery of what Dr. Roberts so justly stigmatises as a revolting and wicked prejudice. I would

therefore draw his attention to the financial aspect which appears to be his chief concern, and suggest that he might do well to reflect on the fact that if he and his kind would adopt a more rational standpoint they would have considerably less to complain of in the way of burdens. If I were to sign this letter people such as he would first, in the name of virtue, deprive me of my livelihood, thereby making it impossible for me to support my child myself, and then they would complain because she had, by their own action, become a charge on the community. Extraordinary as it may seem to Mr. Halford, I should, in these circumstances, take the view that it was my daughter and I who were the injured parties. But that would only serve to provide yet one more spectacle of justice pleading the ancient rights in vain.

MATER INNUPTA

SIR,—In reply to Dr. Harry Roberts, may I express my regret that he found my letter obscure? If he reads it again he will see in the penultimate paragraph that, "I suggest that our aim should be to keep our numbers stable." In an attempt to achieve brevity—a laudable object in the correspondence columns of a weekly periodical—I refrained from enlarging on this theme. It means, in practice, that when allowances have been made for the unmarried and for the childless couples, each family should average between 3 and 4 children.

I am in thorough agreement with Barbara Pearce that "we should cherish the children that are already here." To assist the achievement of this admirable object I had the pleasure last year of announcing the institution of a Children's Allowance Scheme by the firm associated with my family. In principle, I also agree with her suggestion that we should "receive all child refugees of normal mental and physical standards." Such a policy at least discards the fallacious theory that the United Kingdom is suffering from an excessive population.

There are two comments, however, which should be made on the reception of child refugees. They should be of a type readily capable of assimilation; all refugees, even as children, do not fulfil this requirement. Secondly, though immigration may be a stopgap, it can never be an adequate alternative to the maintenance of our numbers by having sufficient children of our own.

L. J. CADBURY

Northfield, Birmingham.

THE PROTECTION OF YOUTH

SIR,—During the past few months it has been a little difficult to follow the Government's train of thought as regards protection against hostile aircraft, as there appears to be two schools of thought within their ranks. One considers the period between Munich and the next crisis as too short to undertake any long-termed preparation of underground shelter and so falls back on a hectic issue of steel "rabbit-hutch" sheds to many whose backyards are either too small to allow erection or whose concrete floors render the necessary sinking into the ground quite impossible. The other group in the Government regards any real drive for the protection of our population in the event of air raids as in the nature of "scaremongering" and therefore one which should be soft pedalled.

At long last, however, and apparently very largely due to constant pressure of public opinion, we see a promise from the authorities of a small number of evacuation camps.

We can only hope that the choice of site for these camps will show more grip of this Government's much-prided realism than the many puerile efforts of untraversed and badly placed trenches in September.

Evacuation camps are obviously intended to protect the youth of the nation from death from bombs.

Since the choice of ground for these camps is apparently wide and unrestricted it is to be hoped that the following may be some of the many points which may be taken into consideration:

1. Enemy raiders would travel at very much higher speeds and altitudes than they did twenty-two years ago, with the probable result that their accuracy of aim on strategical points would not be any greater.

2. In air raids of the future many enemy bombers will not succeed in penetrating "defended" areas and will, when harried into retreat by fast fighting machines be somewhat naturally inclined to "dump" their bombs, irrespective of military objectives, before retiring to their base.

3. It was not unknown in the last war for the "enemy" to believe that one of the objects of war was to destroy civilian property, morale and life and even with the fixed intention that this destruction should include women and children.

Events in Europe during the past few years do not appear to have eradicated this belief; and so we must not rule out the possibility of an enemy, who admittedly believes in the national importance of youth, deliberately attempting to bomb places where youth is known to be concentrated.

If these evacuation camps could be chosen where there are steep hillsides nearby, the construction of adits into the hill would afford complete safety from bombs and would be a far cheaper and more effective form of protection than either underground dugouts or steel shelters, neither of which, it is understood, the Government at present contemplates for evacuation camps.

402 Nell Gwynn House, P. H. R. WHITEHEAD
Whitehead's Grove, S.W.3.

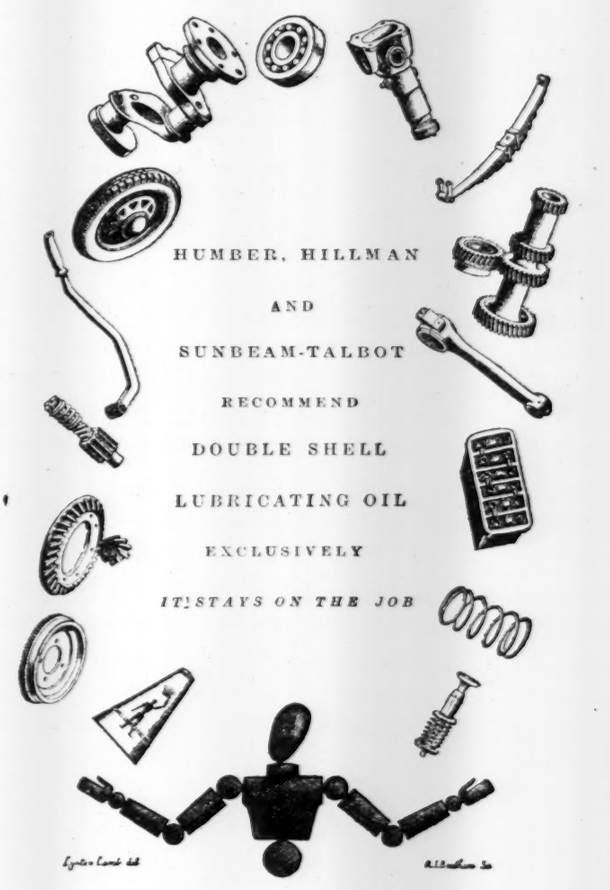
INCREASE OF FARES IN LONDON

SIR,—With reference to the proposal of the Railway Companies and the London Passenger Transport Board to increase standard fares by 5 per cent. and also to increase or withdraw many special cheap facilities, we would be glad if any of the readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION could supply us with evidence to show that these increases would cause hardship to the youth of London. My Club has lodged an objection with the Railway Rates Tribunal against this increase and wishes to secure this evidence in order to present a convincing case.

We would also be very grateful if organisations connected with the open-air movement would pass resolutions on this subject and forward them to us. This is very important, as the Railway Rates Tribunal is solely concerned with the 5 per cent. increase in standard fares, whereas the main objection is to the increase on "cheap" fares (cheap day tickets, etc.) which, it appears, the Railway Companies and the London Passenger Transport Board can increase, and are increasing, without reference to any Tribunal.

If any of your readers would like to know the details of the memorandum which we have submitted to the Railway Rates Tribunal, we would be willing to send them a copy.

Progressive Rambling Club, PHILIP POOLE
4A Parton Street, W.C.1. (Organiser)



Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

IT is impossible to make lasting agreements with the Fascist Powers, as they intend to break their agreements when it suits them; it is impossible to live at peace with them, as they want war and wish to destroy us. The fact that we are still at peace is due less to the abandonment of Czechoslovakia to its fate than to the fact that until the Fascists had won the war in Spain they were not in a position to attack France from three sides at once and to shut the British Fleet out of the Mediterranean. It seems probable therefore that if Franco had captured Madrid in November, 1936, Paris and London would have been attacked before now. The Germans and Italians have won their war in Spain, and it is extremely important for us to learn whatever lessons can be drawn from it so that they do not win again. It is to enable us to do this that Tom Wintringham has written *English Captain* (Faber, 12*s.* 6*d.*). Captain Wintringham, who fought through the Great War, commanded the English Battalion of the International Brigade and was twice wounded in the fighting to prevent the encirclement of Madrid. He has written here a magnificent account of the actual fighting and told his own experience of it in a few chapters. Yet that is only a small, and not the most valuable part, of a really important book. Most war books are written in a mood of horror, looking backwards into the almost unbelievable violence of the past. This book is written by a man looking forwards and anxious to impart the lessons that he has learned. On his last page, he writes:

> It is not as a tale for pride, a tale of heroism and endurance that this book has been written. It is as a description of "a little war" in which things have been happening on a small scale, as in a clumsy laboratory experiment, that will happen more swiftly and on a larger scale in the world war we took arms to avert or postpone. And as such it is a warning to some that are powerful to-day and an encouragement to many who doubt their own power. The facts that count in my story are these: that the peoples, the democracies, those that hate war, can—if they must—build armies very rapidly; that these armies can be, man for man and unit for unit, more efficient in actual battle than the drilled war-machines of Fascism; that the whole shape and nature of modern war makes the peoples' army a better weapon than the totalitarian army.

* * *

Captain Wintringham went to Spain as a journalist: it was the realisation of the desperate necessity of the Spanish Government which led him to take a hand by training men in the International Brigade. His first job was to master every detail of the mechanism of the various types of machine-gun available and then to instruct men in their use. At first he was attached to the French battalion. When the English battalion was formed at the end of 1936, he was attached to that. He gives a vivid picture of the process of training, of establishing discipline among a miscellaneous crowd of men who included many who were temperamentally inclined to argue the pros and cons of every order. It was for all a question of education: of teaching them what was essential in modern warfare, and how to deal with all the emergencies which arose. One or two characters shine out of men who were triumphantly good at organisation and fighting. Above all one gets an unforgettable picture of Major George Nathan, a tall, lean long-nosed Jew who had been an officer in the Great War and went to Spain after years of casual work and unemployment. He had been a butcher and a tramp, "his accent was too gentlemanly to be real" and he rather liked to show off—but he proved himself one of the finest fighting men and best officers in the International Brigade: intelligent, cool, and inspiring confidence in his men. He was killed at Brunete. Wintringham himself commanded the English Battalion at the battle of Jarama, which was fought to prevent Franco from cutting the Madrid-Valencia road. It was a peculiar battle, since the numbers of combatants were extraordinarily unequal and the English Battalion on the left wing could have been easily outflanked in the earlier stages. In the darkness before the dawn of the second day of the battle, Wintringham moved his machine-guns forward to command the valley where the Moors had spent the night—thus risking their capture had there been an attack before day broke. As a result the Moors were boxed in and almost wiped out. In the later stages of the action, Wintringham was wounded in the knee and his recovery was complicated by his developing typhoid next day. He was wounded again in August, 1937, on the Aragon front.

* * *

The lesson of the battle of Jarama was that a very few men who have been trained to dig and to use machine-guns, if they keep their heads and are encouraged to use individual initiative, can inflict tremendous losses on attacking troops. If they know how to make the best use of the country, aeroplanes and tanks can do little against them. The battle of Guadalajara, where Franco tried to outflank Madrid on the north, showed how extremely vulnerable mechanised troops are to air attack, and must be regarded as a grim warning to the British Army, which may very easily be caught one day as the Italians were caught by the Government Air Force. The Italians, heavily armed, mechanised forces, packed in lorries and trucks, came down two main roads. It was raining, with a low cloud ceiling. Out of the greyness came the aeroplanes diving down along the road, bombing and bombing from a height of three hundred feet and vanishing into the clouds again. The Italian Divisions disappeared as fighting units in half an hour or so.

> Daylight advance by infantry and machine gunners under air menace is difficult but possible. Daylight movement by mechanised forces along roads that are not heavily picketed with anti-aircraft weapons is suicide.

The same will probably be true of movements at night once the use of parachute flares and searchlights on aeroplanes has been developed. At Brunete, the Government troops attacked against overwhelming aerial superiority which proved, as later on the Ebro, relatively ineffective. A contrast of these battles shows the tremendous power of aeroplanes against a modern army bunched together with its lorries, and their relative weakness against an army of scattered machine-gunners and riflemen. Captain Wintringham's conclusions as to the effectiveness of aeroplanes are given in detail. A battalion of infantry, well protected by deep irregular trenches, can be bombed and machine-gunned all day by a dozen planes without losing more than 1 per cent. in casualties. Infantry lying in the open will only lose 3 to 5 per cent. in casualties per day if they keep their faces to the ground and remain motionless while the planes are close, and the men are spread out irregularly. Captain Wintringham estimates that a squadron of aeroplanes is needed to keep a brigade of infantry motionless during daylight, and that the same work can be done cheaper by a couple of dozen machine-guns on the ground.

> Troops who run during air attack get heavy casualties; so do troops who keep precise and spottable formations. But the troops who suffer most from air attack are the fully-equipped, mechanised, heavily armed divisions that are advocated by most of the "modern" theorists of war.

Again Captain Wintringham rates tanks as very specialised weapons, which are easily knocked out by troops who can keep their heads, armed with handy anti-tank guns. Tanks cannot go to ground, and it is the individual trained machine-gunners, "dangerous vermin hard to brush out of the seams of the soil," who are the masters of modern warfare.

> In modern war, attack is very costly as compared with defence: the sand-bag and the concrete-mixer and the machine-gun in defence are stronger than high explosives and the petrol engine in attack.

I have tried to indicate the importance of Captain Wintringham's book, which is one of the most interesting I have ever read about modern war. In war a week or two of actual fighting is worth decades of theorising. It would be an excellent thing if *English Captain* were to be reprinted in a sixpenny edition. It ought to be read extremely widely—by all Territorials, all N.C.O.s and officers in the army.

DAVID GARNETT

DUCKWORTH BOOKS

¶ GERMANY RAMPANT, by ERNEST HAMBLOCH—both in title and contents the "hottest" book on the present crisis. Germany is now an old hand at disturbing the peace of the world; and without a proper understanding of the curious kinks in the German psychological make-up we cannot hope to burst the Nazi bubble before it is too late. The author of *Germany Rampant*, during a lifetime in the British Consular Service, has made a special study of German ideas, and supports with chapter and verse his view that "world conquest or downfall" is as much the Nazi as it was the Hohenzollern dream.

You have to consider—and even the Cabinet seems not yet to have made up its mind—whether Germany is to be regarded as a nation of kind-hearted simpletons, oppressed by rulers they hate; or whether, as a people, they haven't got exactly the government they deserve and desire. Every reader of this book arms himself with the knowledge which is essential for considered action—and there *are* things that can still be done to keep the peace. *Germany Rampant*, by Ernest Hambloch: just out. 10/6 net.

EASTER READING

¶ THREE MEN TRIED . . . is a personal record by DR. EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH, one of Stresemann's close friends and co-founder of the German Liberal Party, of the various post-war struggles to achieve permanent peace, and how Briand, Austen Chamberlain and Stresemann nearly brought it off between them. A thrilling battle of ideals, described with much fascinating gossip about Mussolini, Bruening, Benes and the other famous Europeans involved; with thumb-nail sketches by the author, and a preface by Vernon Bartlett. 12/6 net.

¶ HILAIRE BELLOC'S SONNETS & VERSE. 7/6 net.

¶ KARL MARX, by C. J. S. SPRIGGE, the latest volume in the Great Lives series. "A well written, competent short biography"—*New Statesman*. 2/- net.

¶ PERIOD FURNITURE FOR EVERYMAN, by W. G. MENZIES, is one of the few reliable furniture books at a moderate price. Including catalogues, glossary of terms, list of auction prices, 32 pages of photos and index. All for 7/6 net.

¶ NETTLES TO MY HEAD, a first-class light novel by JOSEPHINE KAMM, author of *Disorderly Caravan*. "Worth looking out for"—*Observer*. 7/6 net.

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THE MUNICH MURDER CASE

Munich and the Dictators. By R. W. SETON-WATSON. *Methuen.* 5*s.*

When There is *No* Peace. By H. F. ARMSTRONG. *Macmillan.* 6*s.*

" Before the Supreme Court of World Public Opinion, Mr. Fish Armstrong presiding, Lex *v.* Adolf Hitler and Messrs. Chamberlain, Halifax, Daladier and Bonnet: the first charged with the murder of Czechoslovakia, the rest with acting as accessories before and after the fact. For the prosecution, Professor Seton-Watson. . . ." There will be no formal session of the court. But already we have listened to the copious speeches for the defence and now we can read the case for the prosecution and the judge's summing up. In the name of peace and self-determination, a nation was murdered by a conspiracy between its enemies and its allies. The verdict is guilty, with a plea for mercy in the case of Lord Halifax.

Mr. Armstrong and Professor Seton-Watson tell the same story from different points of view, the latter with all the passionate indignation of the victim's friend, the former with a detachment and an insight which makes his book a masterpiece, impossible to overpraise. *Munich and the Dictators* is propaganda in the highest sense of the word: *When There is* No *Peace* is contemporary history, and I doubt whether future historians will modify Mr. Armstrong's judgment very much. Read together these two books tell us all we need to know about the Munich Agreement and the events leading up to it. Subsequent history has only reinforced the conclusions which they reach.

It is clear that the moment when the fate of Czechoslovakia was settled was February 21st, 1938. The resignation of Eden, on the same day upon which Hitler was insulting him publicly, meant that Mr. Chamberlain had decided to push appeasement through at any cost, and consequently that M. Bonnet would gain a paramount influence on French policy. In both countries the policy was carried through in defiance of Foreign Office advice and with only a pretence of consulting Parliament or the people. But Mr. Armstrong rightly differentiates between the attitude of Chamberlain and of Bonnet. Of the former, he writes, " even as a business-man he was characterised by a colleague as ' a fellow with a retail mind in a wholesale line ' . . . and when suddenly he discovered that it was a top-dog, not an under-dog, with which he had to deal, he would be credulous enough to hope by successive bones to reduce its hunger." It is possible to explain Chamberlain's behaviour as the result of obstinacy and provincial ignorance, but such excuses cannot be made for M. Bonnet, who acted throughout the crisis with a duplicity rare even in French politics. On two crucial occasions, just before Sir John Simon's speech at Lanark and again on September 26th, when Britain pledged herself to stand by France and Russia in the event of German aggression, M. Bonnet used his influence to conceal British offers of help from the French people, while in London he seems quite deliberately to have given a depressing (and untrue) account of French military strength. Faced with two such " opponents " no wonder that Hitler won!

Mr. Armstrong makes it clear that up to September 12th Hitler would have had to fight a hostile world and could not have hoped for more than Italian neutrality. It was the weakness of Britain and France after the Nuremberg speech which gave him his chance—and his allies—and enabled him to employ our ambassadors to deliver his ultimata to the Czechs. Both authors show that at the terrible meeting at 3 a.m. on September 21st, our ambassadors *did* obtain Benes's acceptance of the Anglo-French plan by sheer threats; and it is probable that, if the Czech observations upon that plan (which they now publish but which were excluded from the White Paper) had been divulged at the time, public opinion would have denounced its infamy and forced Chamberlain to stand up to Hitler. But we were never told what the Anglo-French plan was until after it had been succeeded by a still more scandalous betrayal.

Perhaps the most startling condemnation of Munich is to be found in Mr. Chamberlain's own letter to the Führer in which he explained on Monday the 26th the reasons why he could not accept the Godesberg demands:

> Czechoslovakia would be deprived of every safeguard for her national existence. She would have to yield up large proportions of her carefully prepared defences and admit German armies deep into her country before it had been organised on the new basis or any preparations made for its defence. Her national and economic independence would automatically disappear with the acceptance of the German plan.

On the 26th, Chamberlain was prepared to fight to prevent this happening. On the 30th, having permitted it to happen, he claimed that he had brought " peace with honour." The best comment is Professor Seton-Watson's acid quotation from the *Times*:

> " Peace with Honour " is one of the unforgettable phrases of English history. It has passed into the English language with the same permanence as have " Roll up the map of Europe " and " Every man has his price."

The real lesson of Munich is the appalling power of democratic statesmen to deceive their people all the time—until it is too late. Throughout the crisis the peoples of France and England were not only kept in the dark but deliberately misled as to the strength of their opponents, their own weakness, and the pressure exerted upon the Czechs. After Munich they were flagrantly deceived about the terms enforced by the so-called International Commission. To-day the deception is still proceeding, though we shall not know its full extent till Mr. Armstrong and Professor Seton-Watson publish their masterly analyses of the next crisis. There seems to be only one safe rule: everybody will be deceived all the time, unless some of us suspect everything that Mr Chamberlain and M. Bonnet say and do.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

BEYLE AND STENDHAL

Stendhal. By F. C. GREEN. *Cambridge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

> Of all the great French writers, Stendhal is the least amenable to synthetic treatment, and I know of none in whose case a knowledge of the man's life is so vital to our understanding of his art.

This wise statement gives the measure of Professor Green's most intelligent and readable book. He might have added that the problem is further complicated by the enormous amount of material that can now be adduced in support of or against anything one may say about Henri Beyle—a paralysing mass of unimportant stuff, of the washing-list order, which the Beylistes have grubbed up with more zeal than discretion. However, Professor Green has known how to reduce the material, like gravy, to a rich yet manageable consistency: his book is just the right length, but it omits nothing that is really pertinent.

In dealing with Beyle's character, the point that needs emphasis is that here we have a disillusioned romantic who insisted on clinging to a preconceived notion of what life and people ought to be, but whose intuitive and analytic genius enabled him to realise in literature a profoundly correct view of human relationships. His undeniable integrity only made him socially more awkward and aggressive, so that for every friend he made he lost three possible ones. To say boo at once to everyone, on the assumption that he must be a goose, is as bad a plan as never to say it at all. To be sure, Beyle accorded a degree of respect and even affection to those who withstood the boo; but those who resented it he instantly wrote off as grossly insensitive to his real value. Only in rare flashes does it seem to have occurred to him that this attitude was at least as pretentious and vain as that of which he accused others. His egotism was in fact complete. Compare Beyle's friends and—still more—his mistresses with those of another vigorous egotist whom he affected to despise—Chateaubriand—and the former's appear a shabby lot. Furthermore, Beyle never succeeded in acquiring the female drudge with which men of this type insure themselves against the remorseful solitude of old age, so that the themes of fidelity and tenderness, without which all lives must be a sandy desert, are all but lacking in Beyle's story.

His vanity, perpetually wounded, often issued in fatuous self-deception. " Je ne conçois pas comment elle ne voit pas à quel point elle s'affiche," he noted, of Mme. Daru, when she had been ordinarily polite to him at a party. The reverse of this medal was a tendency to care most deeply for those who consistently despised and rejected him, and I have no doubt Professor Green is right in thinking that, for this very reason, Métilde Dembowska was the most important woman in Beyle's life. So unrealistic an attitude could not fail to make of *De L'Amour* the ABC of philandering—an account of the cat's-cradle of love as essentially superficial as that of Proust, who was admittedly influenced by it. It is the book of one who was in love with the spectacle of himself loving and, especially, evoking love (which he signally failed to do); so that, in spite of its brilliant analysis of certain psychological states, it never penetrates to the heart.

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The famous *beylisme*, then, represents Beyle's compromise with life in early middle age—a compromise effected, not always very successfully, between the ideal of conduct *à la* Corneille inherited from his adored great-aunt Elizabeth Gagnon, and an aesthetic attitude to experience which was for ever at variance, not only with life as it is, but with Beyle's own preconceptions :

> Je sens que je suis honnête homme et qu'il me serait impossible de ne pas l'être, non pour plaire à un *Etre Suprême*, qui n'existe pas, mais pour me plaire à moi-même. . . .
>
> On a des devoirs suivant la portée de son esprit.

Such quotations, which could be multiplied, show the real strength and nobility of Beyle's intellect ; but, lest the fundamentally false basis of his theory fail to pierce, I quote Professor Green's downright gloss :

> His *beylisme* was a philosophy of escape from the revolting ordinariness of existence to a vivid awareness only of life's rare and essential beauties. Its hollowness lay in the simple fact that when a man knows as much as Stendhal did about humanity it is because, whilst despising men as individuals, he has already acquired, unconsciously, a habit that nothing can destroy. Some call it the love of humanity. . . .

Beylisme has its respectworthy side : it gave free play to the honesty which made its inventor (like Byron and Oscar Wilde) invariably nice to simple, unpretentious people. Fanatics of all kinds would be the better for a dose of it—and would forthwith cease to be fanatics. And its Epicureanism does provide a useful formula for those who, while obliged to submit to the pressure of mere business, value the life of the soul. But one doubts whether the " happy few " to whom Stendhal made his appeal would be, if strict adherents of *beylisme*, in fact happy. For the theory ignores far too much and, by atomising life into a series of Exquisite Moments, must lead to the discontent of the amateur and the hostile indifference of the rest of the world. I think it significant that only three people attended Beyle's funeral. Professor Green feels that Beyle would have been pleased by this. I doubt it : I think he would have considered it the final proof of man's ingratitude—a quotation he would doubtless have remembered for the occasion. After all, chronic discontent such as Beyle's is not necessarily noble. " C'est triste de n'avoir rien à aimer," said he, towards the end of his life, fondling his dog as he did so. To come down to makeshifts was, in his case, quite as much the penalty of obstinacy as it was the result of belonging to the race of man, who, however, usually takes those makeshifts in his stride. Which is exactly what Beyle could never do.

When Beyle becomes Stendhal—when he turns from living to rendering life—his astonishing genius no more abides our question than the Shakespeare he adored and whose breadth and profundity his two greatest novels do really achieve. In *Le Rouge et le Noir* and *La Chartreuse de Parme*, Professor Green's analysis of which should be read by all Stendhalians, he realised the discord in the only way in which it can be realised :

> Peut-être faut-il être *romantique* dans les idées . . . mais soyons *classique* dans les expressions et dans les tours.

The method by which the resolution is achieved is among the great mysteries of literature, for Stendhal's is one of the cardinal examples of that art which conceals itself. Its secret perhaps lies in its consummate irony. As Professor Green has it :

> It [the irony] springs from the contrast between reality and their [the protagonists'] distorted view of reality. . . . All are so blinded by their *amour-passion* that they cannot see the inexorable logic of life. So, their real tragedy comes only with disillusionment. . . . with their realisation that passionate egotism does not lead to happiness but to pain.

Beneath the brilliant surface of the narrative—a surface as " amusing " as anything Henry James could have desired—burns the conviction that it is possible really to know people as they are : this is a fundamental assumption of Stendhal's psychological method, and it is startlingly at variance with that of all novelists of the romantic school, from Balzac to D. H. Lawrence. For Stendhal there were no Dark Gods except man's self-imposed obstacles to happiness, and these did not seem to him in the least obscure. The further he explores the depths of tragic experience, the brighter grows the light surrounding his characters and their doings. This important point emerges clearly from Professor Green's detailed examination, and it leads—through the astonishing creation of the Sanseverina, Stendhal's most thoroughly " realised " character—to the implied conviction that the *Chartreuse* is Stendhal's greatest book. *Le Rouge et le Noir* contains false notes, but the *Chartreuse* is guilty of none, and in it the value of life is affirmed with a judgment that, by substituting the gradually maturing man (Fabrice) for the rigid *arriviste* (Julien), eschews cheapness. For Stendhal, cynicism was no longer enough.

Lucien Leuwen occupies the same place in Stendhal's works as *L'Education Sentimentale* in Flaubert's, but it conspicuously lacks the latter's nostalgic beauty. In fact it is probably the driest of all eminent novels—with all its brilliance too much occupied with fussy satire. The fragmentary *Lamiel*, on the other hand, is in a very different category and may easily mark a new point of departure which its author had no time or inclination to exploit. This is too bad ; the *précis* which Stendhal left, indicating how the book was to end, is probably more misleading than otherwise (think how a *précis* of the last third of the *Chartreuse* would read, and compare it with what we have !), but it does hint at what might have emerged from a scheme that suddenly embraces the world of *Les Illusions Perdues*.

Professor Green's treatment of Stendhal's occasional works—the travel diaries, autobiographies, and books on music and painting—seem to indicate that he is satisfied with his author's work as it is. No doubt it is idle to regret that a writer should have chosen to write what he did ; yet some of us cannot help regretting the novels Stendhal did not write or failed to finish. A man whose boyhood was passed *en pleine Révolution* ; who saw service under Napoleon and took part in the retreat from Moscow ; who travelled pretty extensively, for a Frenchman ; whose acquaintance ranged from Sutton Sharpe to the Comte de Sainte-Aulaire—in fine, who lived thoroughly between 1783 and 1842 : must have amassed a capital of experience adequate to many more novels than Stendhal actually wrote.

His modernity has, I seem to feel, been exaggerated—partly owing to his own lucky remark to the effect that he expected to be read in 1935. But surely this does not say much more than that he realised he was ahead of his time and hoped to be appreciated later on—a position tacitly adopted by most men of genius. And if Stendhal seem more contemporary with us to-day than his own contemporaries do, the reason lies no doubt partly in the dryness of his style, which we find sympathetic, but at least as much in the fact that the contortions of his personality happen to accord with those of our own disillusioned generation as in the universal

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humanity of his novels—a quality these share with others : Balzac's, for example. Moreover, no purpose is served by ignoring the fact that to be insensible, as Stendhal was, to the beauty of "impressionistic" writing is a definite limitation. If everyone wrote, as he did, in a style modelled on the *Code Napoléon*, the world would be a poorer place than it is. Indiscreet admirers of Stendhal have shown themselves unaware of this.

Professor Green, however, is not among them. Stendhalians may dissent from some things in his book, among others the conviction that Beyle was "industrious" in the various jobs which were given him and which he took every opportunity of leaving. But no one, I think, will question the justice and perspicacity of his main conclusions, or fail to enjoy a remarkably well-balanced piece of criticism. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

NEW NOVELS

The Star Gazer. By ZSOLT VON HARSANYI. *Routledge.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Judas. By ERIC LINKLATER. *Cape.* 6*s.*
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The old-fashioned historical novel is coming back into popularity. No doubt the world situation has something to do with it, for the posturing and vainglory of the Dictators have restored to politics an element of the irresponsible individualism that the Peace Treaties seemed to have done away with for ever. Now, in every newsreel we see tawdry re-creations of the pomps (if not the chivalries) of Froissart's princes, while the gossip-columns of the anti-fascist press reprint, with Freudian additions, the less outrageous allegations of Suetonius. School-book history has been given a new lease of life, and the colour, cruelties and corruptions of more picturesque centuries no longer seem wholly fantastic.

The Star Gazer is a life of Galileo. As far as I was able to check them the facts are substantially correct, and had the author so desired he might have written his book as a serious biography. Instead, he has chosen the method of fiction, trimmed the rough edges of history into a rounded whole and ventured, though with great tact and caution, into his hero's personal and scientific introspections. The result is an historical novel as moving and impressive as any I have read since Feuchtwanger's *Ugly Duchess*. The subject and setting, of course, are enough to inspire any writer possessed of an imaginative feeling for history. The splendid Indian summer of Renaissance Italy when the enlightened tyrants still dealt in poisons and patronised the humanities, the wealth and luxury of declining Venice and the threatening smoke of the Counter Reformation make a background that has fascinated (and betrayed) as many novelists as the present age seems likely to do in the future. Galileo, too, the poor tradesman's son who changed man's view of the universe, is the perfect hero for epic biography, and his progress from provincial contempt to European glory contains enough highlights of spectacular triumph and disaster to offer a suitable theme for an American historical film. Perhaps the unhappy end of his story has saved Galileo from the fate of Pasteur, for the spectacle of a crippled old man of seventy grovelling on his knees before the Inquisitors and tearfully recanting the work of his whole career is not one to please the tender heart of a scenario writer. It is to Herr von Harsanyi's credit that he has not glossed over the disturbing truth or attempted too obviously to draw any contemporary moral. *The Star Gazer* is not by any means a great book, and for all the author's erudition he does not give the taste and smell of the past that one feels in the work of Feuchtwanger. But he writes with insight and craftsmanship and, unlike most biographers of the great, makes us feel as well as know that his subject really was a genius.

In his own way Judas may have been as much a genius as Galileo—whose criminality was destined to play so essential a part in the drama of our Redemption—but I should never have guessed as much from Mr. Linklater's novel. The trouble about *Judas* is that it attempts simultaneously to be realistic and mildly symbolic, and instead of ecstasy, exegesis or Juan in Jerusalem presents us with a moral little story of a pinkish, neurotic young man who dislikes physical contact with the sweaty masses to such a degree that he finally betrays his Messiah to save his own sensibilities. Mr. Linklater clearly had modern allegories in mind, and it is difficult to see why he refrained from bringing Christ to New Delhi to confuse Congress and embarrass a liberal Viceroy. Unfortunately, he lacked the courage of his predilections, and sets the scene in a curious milieu in which people called Simon the Pedlar talk glibly of the international proletariat, and Judas's Sadducee family discuss their erring boy in the language of middle-class comedy :

> ". . . he went on arguing and told me a lot about Jesus. And one of the things he said sounded so funny that I've always rememberd it. . . ."
>
> "What was it?"
>
> "He said then that he wasn't the raving shouting sort of revivalist that we all thought. He said: 'In some of his moods, you know, he's just like one of us.'"
>
> "You mean a gentleman?"
>
> "I suppose that's what Judas meant. Judas would never have stayed with him so long if he'd been a man like John the Baptist."
>
> "Well, of course, he was dirty, my dear."
>
> "That's what I mean. It's always terribly funny to hear Judas talk about the poor. . . ." etc., etc.

And so on for pages. If the novel is worth reading, it is in spite, and not because, of its subject. Mr. Linklater has an easy style, a pleasant humour and a telling turn of phrase that makes it difficult for anything he writes to be seriously offensive. Indeed, we begin to enjoy *Judas* until a familiar name or an echo of the original source suddenly remind us that this is not a suburban light tragedy but a reconstruction of perhaps the most important moment in recorded history. Pater we would have endured, Anatole France enjoyed, but Mr. Linklater, I'm afraid, has overreached himself.

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In his Notes the Editor explains the social and economic conditions under which literary journals have suffered particularly during the last year, and considers the position of literature and art and all modern culture under the sinister influence of constant war threats and "crises."

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BLOOD-SPORTS AND HYPOCRISY
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Even in Restoration London the affair became a *cause célèbre*, but in spite of furiously scurrilous pamphleteering for and against the principal suspects the mystery has never wholly been elucidated. Such a theme is obviously suited to Mr. Preedy's erudite taste for the bizarre, and the characters, from the Count himself and his enigmatic body-servant (who, on the eve of his execution, told a friend of Evelyn's "that he did not value dying a rush, and believed God would deal with him like a gentleman") to the grasping and treacherous English nobles are as florid and peculiar as a novelist could desire or social historian lament. Mr. Preedy shows his usual good sense in letting the age, wherever possible, speak in its own words, and emblazons his own efficient prose with the purple and gold of seventeenth-century verbatim reporting. Yes, no doubt it's all cloak and sword, but then these were actually worn.

Well, we've only got a few minutes left and they haven't sent us up our Sabatinis, so I think we'll give History a rest and talk about our holiday task, *The City Lies Four-Square*. Even its publishers, a class of person prone to earthy cynicism, have to admit that the book is "different from any love-story that has ever been written . . . and invested with another-world beauty that is radiant," so I'm sure we'll all enjoy reading about the cultured Julian ("what could anyone make of a bookshelf whereon the twelve books of the Aeneid were flanked on one side by *Call Mr. Fortune* and on the other by *Stalky and Co.* . . . he had never, fortunately, had time to indulge the complexities of his nature"), Margret, his fiancée ("the dignity and candour of Margret ran through all her acts like a double cord threading a necklet of pearls"), and their so-lovely old Providence Cottage with the brown folk-weave curtains in the dining room. But Patrick is the most interesting of our characters, because he has been dead for a hundred years but still persists in hanging about the cottage looking for his lost love and writing poems. You'd like to hear one? Right, here you are, though there are lots more:

> In the dim shadows of the lilacs bliss
> Trembles your hair
> And passing sweet your body is
> Pausing peerless there
> And passing fair. . . .

"I like that," said Margret, "I don't know if it's clever, or anything, but I like it." But though Patrick has been dead for so long, he suffers from very little inconvenience, and Julian helps him beguile eternity by patting his invisible shoulder, chatting about social conditions and lending him books. All this is very startling, and the publishers do right to warn us that "terror may well seize the reader's heart," though, if we are to believe them, it will soon "give place to a certain ecstatic feeling." How does it work out? Well, Margret rather feels that Patrick is hardly a suitable companion for her Julian, and Patrick finds his lost love and walks out into Another City, and Providence Cottage, now a *happy* house, smiles oh, so wisely, on the young couple, and we walk out and buy Another Book . . .

JOHN MAIR

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

The True India. By C. F. ANDREWS. *Allen and Unwin.* 6*s.*
The Present Condition of India. By LEONARD M. SCHIFF. *Quality Press.* 6*s.*
India of the Princes. By ROSITA FORBES. *Gifford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

One would have thought that Miss Mayo's *Mother India*, which Arnold Bennett called years ago, "a shocking book, in the honourable sense," was by now utterly discredited: but Mr. Andrews has found in many countries that its effect has lasted and that it still sells. So he has rearranged and expanded some articles he wrote soon after its publication, to guide those who are puzzled to answer Miss Mayo and other writers like her. *Mother India* was such a huge journalistic success because it pretended to document what many Westerners *want* to believe about Indians—that they are cruel, corrupt, mean and sensual, kept from anarchic self-indulgence by British rule. Such books, says Mr. Schiff, "tend to exploit India's backwardness either for purposes of supplying a demand or to prove that India is not fit for self-government." Others, like Miss Forbes's, welcome the antics of feudal princelings as dabs of colour in a world gone grey at the breath of democracy (Lt.-Col. Filose says that democracy is definitely bad for elephants), and smile at as quaint in the rich, qualities of character they sneer at as decadent in the poor.

The gist of the Mayo view is that India is hopelessly sex-ridden and that Hinduism is to blame. There is no need to detail here the mis-statements and exaggerations about child-marriage, impotence, the prevalence of V.D., etc., temperately exposed by Mr. Andrews. But it is worth taking one example of the way facts are distorted. A great deal has been made of the phallic survivals in Hinduism, and Mr. Andrews quotes from a Mayo-minded Miss Kendall some extracts which are shocking in every sense of the word. Intelligent phallicism has no part in ordinary Hinduism whatever. There is a phallic symbol under a tree immediately inside the main gate of Calcutta University; but it is so stylised that the students and probably the Vice-Chancellor himself never for a moment think about what it is, even if they know. Priests who worship before *lingams* daily and girls who do it at their marriage would be very shocked if they fully realised what they were doing.

In fact, when Mr. Andrews discusses the present state of Hindu opinion on this sort of thing, he understates (perhaps because he half approves) its extreme puritanism. In the villages, as he points out, custom, hard work, and poverty make life very chaste. But among the town middle-classes there are overlaid on a transplanted village economy some of the worst features of English nineteenth-century morals. Comparatively early marriage for instance—arranged by the parents for girls of about 16 to 18—would now be defended as a means of security against emotional experiments. There is a lot of reticence about sexual questions generally, which, when combined with the severe conventional restrictions on the meeting of the sexes, produces at best exaggerated sentimentality (which is the curse of Indian literature), and at worst very disturbing fears and frustrations.

Mr. Andrews praises the social virtues of the joint-family system (they are mostly virtues of sacrifice), but the impression he gives is rather of the system as it existed a generation or two ago. In its present modified form I think it often acts as a brake on social improvements and would be disrupting more quickly but for poverty and unemployment in the educated classes. Hinduism is chiefly a social system, which has survived by adaptation the impact of moral and philosophical ideas from other sources. Gandhi, for instance, who has come in for a lot of Miss Mayo's ignorant abuse, has said that he owes most of his teaching to the Bible and Ruskin.

Mr. Schiff, who appears as a four-anna Congressman, devoted to Nehru, is plainly embarrassed about Gandhi. The modern Congress is his creation, and he still controls it from behind the scenes: but in spite of all he has done—his attacks on the corruptions of Hinduism included—his village-ascetic ideals are utterly inadequate to "the present condition of India." Mr. Schiff's book reflects in its own muddle the chaos made in ordinary living by British Governments purposely neglecting administration for "politics." He insists that the Congress taken as a whole is still the only organisation that can control national opinion over a long period. But his recent experience of work in the Congress office has shown him the chances of a split foreshadowed at last year's Session at Haripura. All the more democratic and socialist members returned from that meeting disturbed by the attitude of leaders who wanted to conciliate the Indian States for the sake of opposing Federation. A more serious split is likely because of the difficulties of the Congress Governments in dealing with Labour disputes (Mr. Schiff has some excellent information about the recent strikes in Cawnpore) and the various peasant organisations in their provinces. The whole peasant movement is a Congress creation, and a Congress cry is still the most potent; yet the Governments have been forced into refusing demands they would once have encouraged. But Mr. Schiff, and many more impatient Socialists than he, admit the excellence of the interim work the Congress Governments are doing.

Both these books suffer from the amateurishness and sententiousness which is common to nearly all writers about India of missionary origin. They are anxious to break down the indifference of the "Average Englishman" (Mr. Schiff concludes with a letter to him), but they set about it with earnest pleading and painful struggles to be fair which are just as tiresome as the spice of facetiousness.

A title like *The True India* should be impossible after the adventures of Miss Quested. And now Rosita Forbes flies a Christian flag: for her silly chat about tyrants is to be sold for the benefit of the Y.M.C.A. "specially in China, Palestine and Czechoslovakia." Why not India?

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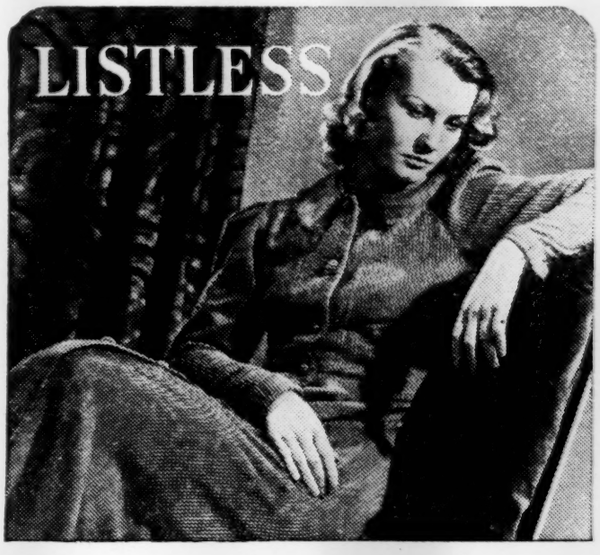

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M & C

DENMARK'S TURN?

Denmark's Day of Doom. By JOACHIM JOESTEN. *Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*

Written by an astute political diagnostician, this study of Denmark's rôle in current European affairs directs an impressive warning not only to her own Government and people but also to Great Britain. Germany, the author predicts, will on the eve of war hasten to protect her Northern flank, where an essential part of her aircraft factories and naval shipyards are lying, and try to prevent her neighbours falling into other hands. Denmark's zero hour, therefore, is likely to strike immediately before the outbreak of major hostilities. German air bases will then be established on the defenceless coast of Jutland and, together with those already existing in Holstein and the Frisian Islands, menace Britain, besides bringing Norway's life-centres and Sweden's invaluable iron-ore fields within the range of German air-raids.

But there are various reasons other than strategic to make Denmark an appetising morsel in the eyes of the big German brother. Economic reasons first and foremost. According to a plan worked out by Field-Marshal Göring, Denmark and Lithuania, in order to fill up the hopeless gaps in the Reich's food supplies, are to be occupied as "Kriegsküchen" (war larders) directly war breaks out. As we write, news arrives that the first step towards the realisation of this project has now been taken by Germany's "economic conquest" of the still unoccupied part of Lithuania. Nor are ideological reasons missing, the indispensable stock-in-trade of the German Ministry of Propaganda. For one thing the Danes range high among those "Nordics" extolled by the Nazis as the flower of humanity. Further, there is that most convenient of requisites, a "bleeding" frontier. Although the present status in South Jutland (which the Germans persist in calling North Schleswig) is due to the perfectly impartial plebiscite of 1920 and the German Minority enjoy conditions with which those of no other minority can compare—least of all those of their opposite numbers, the Danish nationals in Germany—the Versailles origin of the frontier is enough to justify revisionist claims in the eyes of German patriots. A violent frontier struggle has long been going on, supported and stirred by the local Party organisations. Berlin, on the other hand, favours a more moderate line of policy since threats of "settling" the Schleswig "problem" have proved a never-failing means of blackmailing Copenhagen into political and economic concessions. Consequently, the Danish Government has long ceased to be master in its own house. Its every move, whether in home or foreign affairs, is dictated by utter caution, lest Berlin be displeased. Obedient to order, it has effectively muzzled the press of the country; Nazi propaganda and activities are being winked at, Nazi offences dealt with most leniently by the law-courts. Even more shocking is the Government's practice of keeping the people in the dark about vital commitments, e.g., those incurred by the trade agreements with Germany, of which no lesser authority than the Minister of Finance said that "the public would be horrified if they knew the price paid for them."

Worst of all is the Government's acceptance of Nazi commands in inter-Scandinavian affairs. Both Sweden and Norway are anxious to co-operate with Denmark. They regard South Jutland as the Southern bastion of all Scandinavia and the peace of the North as indivisible. But the Danish Premier, Herr Stauning, stubbornly refuses even to discuss a Nordic *entente* because Berlin will not have it. For the same reason all military measures against the only potential aggressor have been waived and efforts of defence concentrated traditionally upon protection from a British attack by sea rather than German invasion by land and air.

In the last chapter, headed "Better late than never," the author tries to indicate such remedies as may still have some chance of success: "stiffening the backs of the Danish Government economically as well as politically and giving the potential aggressor to understand that he had better keep his hands off." In both respects the decisive influence would have to come from Great Britain and Sweden. But while Sweden is only too willing to support Denmark, Great Britain hitherto has shown the most ill-advised unconcern about her fate, evidenced by two outstanding facts: her withdrawal from the Baltic, which now (i.e., since the Anglo-German Naval Agreement of June, 1935) has again become *Mare Germanicum*, and her protectionism which, in the words of an eminent Swedish economist, "is actually ruining Denmark" and driving her into the arms of the Reich. Even at this late hour an attempt should be made to free her from this stranglehold and give her every conceivable economic chance. That is indeed imperative if Danish democracy is not soon to crumble entirely. But all effort from outside will be in vain unless the Danes, Government and people, abandon their ostrich attitude and take courage to face, and cope with, the situation such as it is.

M. H. BACH

A POET ON HIS CIRCLE

Modern Poetry. By LOUIS MACNEICE. *Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.*

There are few poets one would be more naturally inclined to trust as guide through the technical maze of modern poetry than Mr. Louis MacNeice. The publication of his *Blind Fireworks* in 1929 did not cause the immediate reverberations of Auden's *Poems* a year later, and it had none of Auden's Freudian-Marxist colouring that was to become so soon the banner under which the *New Signatures* poets stormed the sleepy Anglo-Saxon Parnassus. Nobody reading the two books at the time could have thought that their authors would within ten years be so closely associated in the public mind; but *Blind Fireworks* showed all the qualities that make Mr. MacNeice a first-class poet, qualities that remain his strength under the more up-to-date coating which he has since given them. His freshness of imagination and rhythmical versatility are already marked in such poems as that which begins:

> Weep, fountain, creepily, so creepily
> Upon the sombre moss,
> And you, tree-fountain, weep again across
> The water-fountain sleepily.
> I have not sown my packets of spring seed. . . .

Since writing those lines Mr. McNeice has enormously increased his skill in the craftsmanship of poetry, and, as one would expect, when he comes to discuss his contemporaries (and himself), he manages to be really illuminating on the experiments that have taken place in rhythm, texture, imagery, diction. Apart from an occasional longing glance back to his favourite Greek poets, he has evidently been at pains to avoid any too highbrow line of approach, and the feeling one has after reading the book is that one has been taken for an extremely agreeable country ramble by a companion who has kept up interesting and stimulating conversation throughout. This is probably an excellent way of encouraging people to read and enjoy modern poetry, though I feel that Mr. MacNeice would have made a better job of it if he had troubled more about his prose style, which at times is surprisingly slovenly for a person so sensitive to words. But the real weakness of the book is in another kind of slovenliness, of thought and method. It was a good idea, for instance, to give a "case-book" of his own growth in relation to poetry, but a pity that so much of the chapters devoted to this should read like padding, and rather carelessly put together. He has admirable things to say on many of the newer technical devices that poets like Auden have developed, such as "cutting," but again and again I feel he might have said much more, that his analysis stops short even of half-way. In particular, though Stephen Spender and Day Lewis are two of the small group of poets he claims to be specially discussing, he gives very little idea of the richness and variety of Spender's lyric gift, and none at all of the qualities that make Day Lewis's wit-packed verses at their best so satisfying. And in spite of a long opening chapter on "A Change of Attitude," he does not convince one that he is sure what the change implies, or what factors are important in determining the direction poetry is going to take. It is disappointing to be served up with Mr. MacNeice's prejudices—sympathetic though many of them are—that a modern poet "must" do this or that, that certain epithets "may be used" and others "may not," instead of an objective examination of why these things are valid, and whether they are likely to be valid in the future.

So short and "personal" a book is bound to seem rather slight after Christopher Caudwell's monumental *Illusion and Reality*. In itself, that would hardly matter, for *Modern Poetry* sheds much light in places scarcely touched by Caudwell's powerful forward-searching headlamps, but the final impression left, in spite of all Mr. MacNeice's gifts, is of confusion and unresolved problems. That is not to say that many of the observations in his book will not be as important to the next critic as one sixteenth century navigator's chart was to his successor. But the new continent has not yet taken rounded shape.

JOHN LEHMANN

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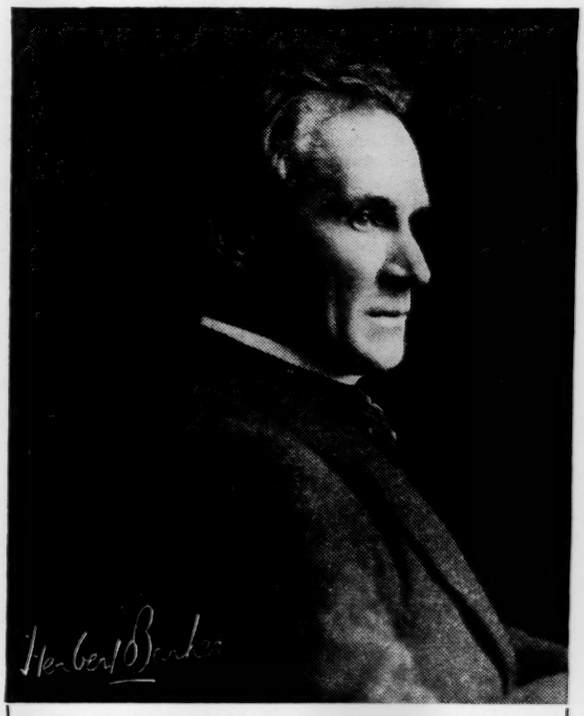

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IN PRAISE OF LIFE

Films of Time. By H. W. NEVINSON. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

"I wish," says Mr. Nevinson in his introduction to these twelve essays:

> I wish I could roll back the long "reel" of my own cinema back. The failures, disappointment, griefs, losses, pains and wounds of body and soul have been as frequent for me as for most men, but nothing could give me greater joy than to hear I was to go through them all again . . . What a glory to wander over this beautiful and terrible little earth once more; to live again through all the beautiful and terrible friendships and loves I have known.

He says the same thing in more dramatic and ironical form in the last of the essays. His soul stands before Rhadamanthus, Minos and Aeacus to receive sentence. They award it an indeterminate period in Hell. It pleads earnestly and convincingly that it is not yet fit for any of the circles of Hell, having done nothing as yet to render it worthy to associate with their celebrated respective tenants. The plea is allowed and Heaven substituted. But again the soul pleads its unfitness: it has failed in any respect, whether by martyrdom, heroic act or even mere sturdy opposition, to alleviate the miseries of mankind due to oppression and cruelty; it has dismally neglected its opportunities to explore the beauty, knowledge and mystery of this Earth. The Court thereupon utters sentence of "another fifty years of Europe, which in these present days is hardly to be distinguished from a cycle of Hell." The tireless—and tiresome—appellant says make it a hundred, which the Court with lifted brow does.

To Mr. Nevinson death in whatever attractive guise presented, pagan or Christian, is dreadful simply because it is not life. That is the burden of all these essays. Even the past, the subject of the first six of them, is to him only an extension of the real and living present—"whether I will it or not, I am forced back on an age that no longer exists, and have my dwelling there in combination with a present that moves too fast for the mind to perceive it." As to the future, "that lonely state," he finds it unbearable to contemplate "without those 'followers of War and the Muses' who have hitherto been my companions" and with the obligation "to set about some new and abstract pursuit to occupy all the fifty years" to be fulfilled.

The first six essays describe how Abraham concealed Sarai when, as the most beautiful of the virgins of Ur, she would have been sacrificed at the funeral of Hammurabi, and took her away to the land of Canaan; how Delilah is rewarded by the Philistines for delivering them from the Jew Samson; how Herodotus recites (the author being present) the account of the Persian invasion of Greece; how the Ephesians received Saul of Tarsus; how he (the author) encountered the spirit of Marcus Aurelius on the Danube; how the Tudor and Stuart Ages struck Old Parr, who lived from the Wars of the Roses to the Great Civil War. The other six put into the form of fables the author's intercourse with mysticism and mystical happenings, his sense of life's incompleteness, his hatred of injustice and of violence . . . the latter so intense that after a career spent perforce in intimate contact with violence he faints at the sight of a fallen horse being pole-axed in Holborn.

The collection is the charming testament of a man who, after a long and varied experience of life, still finds it fully worth the price. One hopes that the testament will have many codicils. For a man can amplify his mind in codicils without essentially changing it.

MILTON WALDMAN

THE PERFECT AMERICAN

Benjamin Franklin. By CARL VAN DOREN. *Putnam.* 15*s.*

Benjamin Franklin has always seemed to me to be the perfect American, and it is rather strange that he should have been, for he was also probably the first real American, the first inhabitant of Northern America who fully realised what it meant to be no longer a colonist, but a member of that new, gigantic nation which was to sprawl itself across a continent from one ocean to another. He was a perfect American in almost every sense of the words. He possessed all the best qualities inherent in the American tradition, as we know it to-day. Thus you will find in him a considerable streak of what made Lincoln, Mark Twain, and President Wilson all remarkable men and pre-eminently remarkable Americans. It was not only his personal qualities and gifts which give him the right to this proud title; he was a good American, in the sense in which we talk of good Europeans, long before America existed. It is extraordinary how he foresaw the actual and the ideal future of the United States. And he was not only a perfect *American*, but also a *perfect* American—two entirely different things. If everyone in the world had to be cut to exactly the same pattern—which God forbid—it would be impossible to choose a better pattern than Franklin—though there would be a good deal to say for choosing Montaigne, who belonged to the same psychological species. Socrates or Dante may have been greater men, but a world of Socrateses or Dantes would not be a comfortable place, whereas a world of Benjamin Franklins would combine the maximum of goodness with the maximum of pleasure.

It was the universality of the man which was so remarkable. At the age of 21 he wrote as follows in a letter to his sister:

> Sister, farewell, and remember that modesty, as it makes the most homely virgin amiable and charming, so the want of it infallibly renders the most perfect beauty disagreeable and odious. But when that brightest of female virtues shines among other perfections of body and mind in the same person, it makes the woman more lovely than an angel. Excuse this freedom, and use the same with me.

Franklin was quite capable of writing this kind of stuff at the age of 80, for he remained all his life an inveterate moralist. If you happen to stumble on him first—and it is easy to do so—in this capacity, you may write him off as belonging to the Robert Owen class of bores, who are the salt of the earth, and unreadable. To do so would be a profound mistake. Being a perfect American he had to be a moralist. But his perfection and universality made him everything else besides a moralist. He was sincere in his morality, as in everything else, but it did not prevent him from having an illegitimate son and from taking him to live in his house with his legitimate children. Wordsworth's illegitimate son comes to one as rather shocking and surprising, and the concealment of him is characteristic; Franklin's behaviour is neither shocking nor surprising, and his openness and honesty were characteristic. All his life he was enormously attracted by and attractive to women, and he wrote to them—whether they were 10 years old or 60—letters of such charm, wit, wisdom, and humour that it is clear, even after 150 years, why he was almost irresistible.

Mr. Van Doren's book is nearly 900 pages in length. It is too long, and it would have been a better book if the author had had the courage to cut out a third of it. But it speaks well both for Franklin and for Mr. Van Doren that, despite this, it is never uninteresting. The excuse for its vast bulk is the many-sidedness of Franklin. Mr. Van Doren gives us life-sized and immensely detailed portraits of him as a man, a printer, a writer, a scientist, a statesman, and a political philosopher. In each of these characters his stature was considerable.

LEONARD WOOLF

ECONOMICS WITHOUT TEARS

Economics. By FREDERIC BENHAM. *Pitman.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Modern Banking. By R. S. SAYERS. *Oxford Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Economists are widely distrusted because they differ so much on questions of policy. Some are Socialists, others anti-Socialists; some favour inflation, others wage cutting as a cure for unemployment. Moreover, their Tower of Babel resounds with contradictory definitions of terms new and old. This situation, for which the inherent difficulties of the subject are responsible at least in part, can be remedied only by discussion between the economists themselves. But the extent to which they do understand one another and to which they do agree on questions of policy is generally underestimated—and this is largely due to the paucity of up-to-date textbooks.

It is to fill this gap that the two books here reviewed have been written. Both are designed primarily for students rather than for the general reader. In Dr. Benham's book, which tries to survey the whole economic system, there are plenty of facts, accurately stated and appropriately selected for theoretical handling. The main theoretical principle round which they are grouped is that of choice between alternatives in the face of scarcity. The technique, not overelaborated, is that of supply and demand curves, with some arithmetical tables for those who dislike analytical geometry. The balance between the concrete and the abstract is I think correctly held.

The order of treatment—demand, production, pricing under capitalism, money, international trade—is pleasantly straightforward. But there are, in my opinion, important problems of exposition which it has failed to solve.

PHILOSOPHY

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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Continued from Page 515

PARIS Vme, Hotel and Pension Alger. 8 rue des Fossés-St. Jacques. Central; heart Latin Quarter. Good rooms from 15 *frs.* daily; special monthly terms.

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A BACK WITH A VIEW over lovely gardens. 15 minutes Piccadilly. From 25s. Bed-B'fast. 37s. 6d. part board. Billiards. Table Tennis. FLATLETS (unfurn.), alcove basins, kitchenettes, private baths, from 18s. 6d. BED-SITTING rooms (unfurn.), running h. & c., from 12s. 6d. Catering optional. 11 Clifton Gardens, W.9. ABErcorn 3035.

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WILL anyone lend fur. flat, cultivated literary Czech refugee, wife, awaiting American permit? Expenses guaranteed by Englishman. Box 4570.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, etc.
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CHELSEA. Charming modern non-basement house to let furnished. Garden, 3 bed., 2 reception, kitchen, bathroom, boxroom. 5½ *gns.* Apply CHEYNE WALK ESTATE AGENCY, S.W.3. 'Phone: Flaxman 3574.

SEMI-DETACHED Timber Bungalow, facing South Downs, near Storrington, Sussex. £300 Freehold. Particulars: MRS. WAGHORNE, 35 Chesswood Road, Worthing.

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HOUSES, FLATS, etc.—continued

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NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. To let, April, possibly longer, attractive Bungalow overlooking Nen Valley, charmingly furnished as Country Flat. Sleep 1–3. Garage, 'phone, every comfort and convenience. Help available. Excellent Repertory Theatre within easy reach. Box 4502.

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WRITER'S STUDIO FLAT. Exceptionally large, light studio, bedroom, kitchen and bathroom. £90 per annum unfurnished; excellent modern fittings; small premium. 20 mins. West End. View by appointment. Apply MRS. STEPHEN SPENDER, 2 Lansdowne Terrace, W.C.1.

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CHELSEA. Large attic room, unfurnished, electricity, gas, use bath. 12s. 6d. weekly. Student preferred. Box 4510.

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COUNTRY Studio, furnished; bath, electric light, company's water, every convenience. Kent village, 30 miles London. 30s. per week. Box 4549.

CHILTERNS district. Wanted to rent, simply furnished cottage or bungalow, 3–5 rooms, modern conveniences, garden. Write Box 4523.

The structure of economic thinking has been revolutionised since the war. We have, in bits and fragments, the " rate of substitution," the theories of risk and of imperfect competition, and, more recently, Mr. Keynes's liquidity preference and effective demand. Dr. Benham takes some account of these advances, but they are not sufficiently worked into the main structure of the argument. Thus, to take perfect competition as the standard case and to treat all exceptions to it in a separate chapter headed " Monopoly " seems unnecessarily old-fashioned.

One does not want to press this line of criticism. For first year students Dr. Benham's book is certainly much the best we have. There is nothing in it which they need afterwards unlearn, and it may be that only those with unusual talent for systematic and abstract thought would profit from a more rigorous exposition. The chief thing they have to learn is, after all, the art of making simplifying assumptions and applying them with care to a wide range of problems. In reading Dr. Benham they will have plenty of practice in this art. The same applies also to the general reader. His stock of facts will of course be larger, but he too can learn from this book how to handle them. Dr. Benham writes well without acrobatics or miracles of compression.

Mr. Sayers, who writes on Modern Banking in the light of current theory, has fewer problems of selection and arrangement to face. Textbooks on money are proverbially more adequate than those on economics as a whole. But Mr. Sayers writes with real authority, as the man who discovered how the Bank of England really worked the Gold Standard before the war.

In his new book he sketches the British banking system of to-day with interesting sidelights on America. The facts of commercial banking and the routine operations of the Bank of England are well known. Mr. Sayers gives a good, up-to-date account of them. There remain two groups of problems. On how banking affects production Mr. Sayers is Keynesian. He rejects Mr. Hawtrey's argument that booms and slumps are initiated by the response of " Dealers " to changes in the rate of interest on bank advances. He thinks the long term rate of interest more important, but what he really wants are public works and unbalanced budgets.

The second group of problems is factual. What are the central authorities really doing? The rôle of Sphinx has largely been taken over from the Bank of England by the Treasury, which manages rates of foreign exchange through the Equalisation Fund and rates of interest by manipulating Government department surpluses. Discussion of the latter would be out of place in a textbook, but the technique of the Equalisation Fund is well described. Its policy, so far as it has one, can be guessed only from case to case, mainly after the event.

Socialists will turn with interest to the final chapter on Nationalisation of Banking. The Bank of England is in effect already nationalised. Should the Joint Stock Banks be nationalised on grounds of economy or policy? Mr. Sayers lists the arguments on both sides and leaves the choice to us. ALFRED W. STONIER

ESCAPE

Majorca: The Diary of a Painter. By FRANCIS CARON. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Brown Hills. By JUDY VAN DER VEER. *Longmans.* 6*s.*

Francis Caron went to Majorca straight from school, he painted and he kept a diary, in the true tradition of young men who go to Majorca after school. But he alone of all these can boast an eight-and-sixpenny book which has a hundred of his drawings in it, mostly full-page ones and with several in colour. These drawings are unmistakably Majorca, but his diary, which has been edited by Paul Frischauer, might have been written anywhere except in a monastery; his Majorca represents a succession of women, culminating in a mysterious figure who appears one night bathing in the bay. Boy meets girl. They have dinner on her yacht, where she glitters with diamonds and he is at home in a bathing dress. Next day he sails away with the lady leaving a devastated female population, and ends this inconsequential, dateless diary. It is probably not Caron's fault, it may lie with the editing, and for a developing mind Majorca would seem a series of emotional experiences rather than a nepenthe; for that it is too restless. When he writes about the scene around him, it flows past warmly and is affectionately described, with more ease than in the scenes with these innumerable Circes. These last have made him adopt an unconventional naivety towards them which he afterwards would accept as his actual state of mind. But this paragraph in which he drops for a moment his Hemingway manner is genuine, if dramatised.

> The pleasure of painting—even for the tiniest fraction of a moment—means more to me than all the immense range of other emotions. . . . A drawing is a world where unstable figures find stability and dignity. Outside that world are only little excitements and longings. And when I myself am outside, I become small and am taken up with petty interests and disappointments. I mean no more to other people than a cucumber, or a hedge sparrow—I know that. But life is broad and full for me when I am painting. My work is my greatest happiness and my dearest love. I have never shed tears over a woman, but how often I have cried over a picture.

His drawings show a very active sensibility and a certain maturity, though his technique is still in the experimental stage. It is discernment that is lacking, for his line drawings have little sense of composition, and are overcrowded, which gives a Heath Robinson effect. Where he has ignored this tendency to cram too much into a picture, he is usually successful, and his wash sketches are soft and rich, idiomatic of the island. It is an interesting experiment and well worth bringing out, especially in the light of future productions. Caron has been lucky, and deservedly.

Although *Majorca* would not be a book for Miss Van der Veer's library list, they both come into the same category of escapist literature, good books written by gently persuasive characters, to be read by people who want to read themselves out of their own lives. *Brown Hills* follows *River Pasture*, and describes the Californian summer on the Van der Veer ranch, recounting every detail of the farm day and the long anxious wait for rain. Miss Judy Van der Veer, who is a very attractive personality, is a stylist —which Caron is not. Her unsophistication is natural and unforced while Caron's was a protective puppy armour; she attacks an object direct to deal with it directly and intelligently, and she was probably amused and embarrassed at the publisher's effusion. It is a restful book, read it if you care for the country; it concerns itself with things like horned toads, dry grasses, and cattle and country folk.

We English are unable to produce a book like this without being very self-conscious and soily or else smart at the soil's expense. Miss Van den Veer has done it hands down, because she happens to know quite a lot about it. RAYMOND ALDERSON

The Old Munster Circuit. By MAURICE HEALY. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Healy has assembled a rich collection of legal and Irish anecdotes. The idiosyncrasies of the Irish character and the political history of the country combined to create an atmosphere at Irish assizes very different from what we know in England. Perjury was general, counsel employed the most farcical dodges, juries were packed or openly prejudiced, and even judges made no attempt to appear equitable. In dramatic outbursts, comical incidents and general absence of decorum, the Munster Assizes resembled a French court of law. Mr. Healy has an uncommon sense of humour and a very urbane style. Evidently humane as well as very intelligent, he makes an ideal chronicler of stories which to English lawyers would seem fabulous. It is interesting to learn that Carson's methods were much better suited to the English than to the Irish Bar: Mr. Healy explains that while the Englishman goes into a court of law unwillingly and apprehensive of cross-examination, the Irish witness goes into the box as a cricketer walks to the wicket. There are stories here of Lord Chief Justice O'Brien, known as Pether the Packer, of Tim Healy (an uncle of the author), and of many witty and ingenious lawyers. Altogether a vintage book of memories.

A Flying Start. By RENÉ MACCOLL. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A son of the eminent art critic, Mr. René MacColl has inherited something of his father's literary trenchancy. And journalistic experience has made his style most lively and readable. The most entertaining section of his book describes his life as secretary to an American millionaire called Van-Leer Black. Mr. MacColl became genuinely attached to him and found him charming, but in the book he resembles a prep-school boy, pathetic, amiable even, but unfit for adult society. Yet he had gained enormous wealth, and the potential power which enormous wealth brings. Mr. MacColl is very amusing about the lavish tips and preposterous entertainments given by Mr. Black, and describes sympathetically his enthusiasm for aviation. (The unfortunate secretary, who suffered severely from air-sickness, had to spend hours prostrate during his employer's usually purposeless dashes from place to place.) This very enjoyable book includes a good story about George Moore, a brilliant account of a football match, a hideous description of a hanging, and a grim sketch of Florida. The author never indulges in the cosy, hair-brushing confidences so beloved by contemporary journalists, and at the end of his book has won the reader's interest and even affection. His character appears as crisp and muscular as his style.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 unless otherwise stated.

APOLLO. Gas Light. Tues. & Sat.

COLISEUM. Varieties. Sats.

COMEDY. Room for Two. Tues. & Sat.

CRITERION. Sugar Plum. Tues., Sats.

DRURY LANE. The Dancing Years. W., S.

DUCHESS. The Corn is Green. Wed., Sat.

GARRICK. The Mother. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

LYRIC. Little Ladyship. Wed. Th., April 12 & 13

MERCURY. The Playboy. Sat.

OLD VIC. Taming of the Shrew Thurs., Sat.

PALACE. Under Your Hat. Wed., Sat.

PRINCES. When We Are Married. Wed., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Dear Octopus. Wed. & Sat.

SADLER'S WELLS. Opera & Ballet. Sat.

ST. JAMES. Geneva. Wed. & Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. Heaven & Charing X. Tu.F.

SAVILLE. Johnson Over Jordan. Wed., Sat.

SAVOY. Robert's Wife. Wed., Sat.

WESTMINSTER. Family Reunion. Wd., Sat.

WHITEHALL. Doctor's Dilemma. Wed., Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. Quiet Wedding. Wed. & Sat.

OPERA & BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1.
2*d.* bus from Piccadilly. (Terminus 1672.) 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*
MONDAY NEXT at 8.30. BALLET.
(The Sleeping Princess.)
TUESDAY, 8.30. BALLET (Harlequin in the Street, The Haunted Ballroom, Les Patineurs.)
WED., 8.0. FAUST with full Ballet.
THURSDAY, 8.30. BALLET.
(The Sleeping Princess.)
SATURDAY (April 8), 2.30.
CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and I PAGLIACCI.
SAT. (April 8), 8.0. MADAM BUTTERFLY.

THEATRES

APOLLO. (GERrard 2663)
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Tues. & Sat., 2.30
GAS LIGHT
GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES

COMEDY. Whi. 2578. Evgs., 8.30. Tu., Sat., 2.30.
ELSIE RANDOLPH, HENRY KENDALL and HUGH WAKEFIELD in
ROOM FOR TWO

CRITERION. (WHI. 3844.) EVENINGS at 8.40.
Matinees, TUESDAY & SATURDAY, 2.30.
RONALD SQUIRE. KAY HAMMOND in
SUGAR PLUM. A LIGHT COMEDY.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30
SYBIL THORNDIKE and EMLYN WILLIAMS in
THE CORN IS GREEN
A Comedy by EMLYN WILLIAMS.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Tem. 5122.) Evgs., 8.30.
Mats., TUES. and SAT., 2.30.
LUCIE MANNHEIM in
LADY FANNY
FREDERICK LEISTER. MARIUS GORING.

DRURY LANE. (Temple Bar 7171.)
Evenings, 8.0. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARY ELLIS and IVOR NOVELLO
"THE DANCING YEARS"
Devised, Written and Composed by Ivor Novello.

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601.) 8.30. (ex. M.). W., Th., S., 2.30
LOUISE HAMPTON
in
THE MOTHER
KAREL CAPEK'S LAST PLAY.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. TWICE NIGHTLY.
6.30 & 9.0. GEORGE BLACK'S NOVEL INTIMATE RAG.
"BLACK AND BLUE"
With FRANCES DAY, VIC OLIVER, MAX WALL, CASS OWEN & TOPSY. Seats 10*s.* 6*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* incl. tax.

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IAN HAY'S NEW COMEDY HIT
LITTLE LADYSHIP (no Perfs. April 3 to 8 inc.)

MERCURY, Ladbroke Rd. 8.45. Mat*s*, Sat., 2.30
THE PLAYBOY of the Western World.
J. M. SYNGE'S MASTERPIECE.
Nightly until May. 6*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 1*s.* 6*d.* (Park 5700.)

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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW
Produced by TYRONE GUTHRIE.

PALACE. Ger. 6834. Evgs., 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
LEE EPHRAIM PRESENTS
JACK HULBERT and CICELY COURTNEIDGE in
UNDER YOUR HAT

PLAYHOUSE (Whi. 7774). EVGS., 8.30 (ex. Mon.).
Matinees, WED., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
NANCY PRICE IN
MRS. VAN KLEEK
by ELINOR MORDAUNT.

PRINCES. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., & Estr. Mon. 2.30.
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DEAR OCTOPUS. By DODIE SMITH.

ST. JAMES. (Whi. 3903.) Evenings at 8.15.
MATINEES, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, 2.30.
BERNARD SHAW'S play of the moment
GENEVA

ST. MARTIN'S. (Tem. 1443). Evenings at 8.30.
First Mat., Tues. next, 2.30, subs., Tues. & Fri.
MARY CLARE in
HEAVEN AND CHARING CROSS.

SAVILLE. Tem. 4011. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
RALPH RICHARDSON, EDNA BEST in
JOHNSON OVER JORDAN
by J. B. PRIESTLEY. Extra Mat. Easter Mon., 2.30.

SAVOY. (Tem. 8888.) Evgs., 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
ROBERT'S WIFE
ST. JOHN ERVINE'S Sensational Success.
1*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.* 6*d.* ALL SEATS BOOKABLE.

UNITY. (EUS. 5391.) Evgs., ex. Mons., 8.30.
". . . a cure for despondency."—*New Statesman.*
BABES IN THE WOOD
A PANTOMIME WITH POLITICAL POINT.
Seats: 1/- to 3/6. Members only (Subscr. 1/-, Share 1/-).
Unity Theatre, Goldington Street, N.W.1.

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ME AND MY GIRL
THE HOME OF THE LAMBETH WALK. SECOND YEAR

WESTMINSTER. Vic. 0283. 8*s.* 6*d* to 2*s.* 6*d.* bkle.
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(FOR A LIMITED RUN ONLY)
T. S. ELIOT'S NEW PLAY
THE FAMILY REUNION
HELEN HAYE. MICHAEL REDGRAVE. CATHERINE LACEY.

WHITEHALL. 8.15. Wed., Sat. and Estr. Mon., 2.30.
BERNARD SHAW'S COMEDY,
THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA
HALF PRICES, 1*s.* 6*d.* TO 6*s.* 3*d.*, ALL BOOKABLE Whi. 6692

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. Bar 3028 & 9.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
QUIET WEDDING
ELIZABETH ALLAN FRANK LAWTON MARIE LOHR.

REPERTORY THEATRES

LIVERPOOL. Evgs., 7.45. The Playhouse
The Late Christopher Bean
RENÉ FAUCHOIS (adapted by EMLYN WILLIAMS)

CROYDON REPERTORY. (Croydon 6001.)
April 3rd. Evg., 8. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30, 5 p.m.
Outward Bound. SUTTON VANE.

VARIETY

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161
April 3rd. 6.25 and 9. Mats., Sat., 2.30.
Sacha Guitry, Seymour Hicks & Genevieve de S . . . . .
Darmora Ballet, Four Winclairs, Sam Barton, Bob Dyer, Four Smart Girls, and Company.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

owing to Easter, goes to press 24 hours earlier than usual, and all instructions regarding advertisements should be received by FIRST POST TUESDAY at latest.

FILMS

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
FRANCOISE ROSAY
as the lion tamer!
in "Les Gens Du Voyage" (A)
"The frankest film I have seen . . ."—*Evg. Standard.*

BERKELEY Cinema, Berkeley St. May. 8505
ERICH VON STROHEIM & EDWIGE FEUILLERE
in "MARTHE RICHARD"
"Au Service de la France" (A).
(I Spy for France).

EVERYMAN (opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285
MONDAY, APRIL 3rd, for SEVEN DAYS
LOUIS JOUVET in
ENTREE DES ARTISTES (A).

LONDON PAVILION. GERrard 2982.
Commencing Monday, April 3rd, from 10 a.m.
CAROLE LOMBARD, JAMES STEWART in
"MADE FOR EACH OTHER" (A).
Thereafter continuous daily from 10 a.m.

EXHIBITIONS

SIX FRENCH PAINTERS
recently deceased
CH. DUFRESNE P. DUMONT P. LAPRADE
H. LEBASQUE P. SIGNAC S. VALADON
Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq. 10–6 daily.

ANGLO-FRENCH ART AND TRAVEL SOCIETY
FRENCH CARICATURE (1750-1850),
and ENGLISH CARICATURE of the NAPOLEONIC PERIOD.
10-5. Admission 1*s.* LAST DAY, 6th April.
New Burlington Galleries. 3-5 Burlington Gardens, W.1

RESTAURANTS

WHATEVER your way of political thinking Rules provide excellent eating and drinking. RULES, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

OLD FRIEND. New Management. ROBERT & JOHN. Good cook. Lunches, teas. Adam St., Adelphi.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. MUS. 6428.

COME to Mrs. Cook's, where the food is excellent and does you good. The cooking is different from the usual restaurant type. Famous for nine years for quality and value. MRS. COOK'S, 12 Denman Street, Piccadilly Circus.

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PURCHASE MONEY RETURNED in full if satisfaction not given. CARWARDINE'S CHALLENGE TEA, every leaf guaranteed choice Indian and Ceylon tea, 2*s.* 2*d.* per lb.; 6 lbs. post paid, 13*s.* STEPHEN CARWARDINE & CO., LTD., Tea Blenders (since 1777), 45 Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

EMPIRE COFFEE.—3lbs. finest Kenya Coffee, freshly roasted, berry or ground, for 5*s.* 6*d.*, post paid in United Kingdom.—Write RALPH RICHARDSON, Coffee Planter, Coffee Depot, Ware, Herts.

HEALTH

MISS J. D. WALLINGTON (and Mrs. Helen Whitticom), Health Practitioner, Osteopath, and Bonesetter, treats all conditions of ill-health by natural methods. Consultations by appointment. 1 Ashley Place, S.W.1. Tel.: Victoria 0131; and 2 Norton Way North, Letchworth. Tel.: Letchworth 885.

SUNBATHING. At Fouracres in Hertfordshire intelligent people enjoy sunbathing, games, swimming, in pleasant society and surroundings. Particulars from SECRETARY. Box 4363.

GROUP ACCOMMODATION

LECTURE room (seating 80) available for social meetings, lectures, pupils' concerts, etc. For terms, apply SECRETARY, 34 Nettingham Place, W.1.

BUSTON MANOR, Hunton ('Phone: 85174), near Maidstone, Kent, for small conferences, schools, parties, etc. Moderate week-end terms. Enquiries invited.

FURNISHING

DINING TABLES of a charming well-proportioned design by Walter Segal; size 2ft. 6in. by 3ft., extends to 2ft. 6in. by 6ft. Made in the best manner in Ash and Oak. Price £5 10*s.* Produced by GERALD HOLTOM, 259b Tottenham Court Road, W.1. Museum 5119. Send for photographs and information.

MISCELLANEOUS

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 522

Robert Laird Borden: His Memoirs. Edited by HENRY BORDEN. *Macmillan.* 2 Vols. 42*s.*

Few readers would be likely to be attracted to these two bulky volumes for mere entertainment. Nor would their author have wanted them to be. His memoirs are like himself: honest, prosaic, unadorned. He was born of poor parents on a farm in Nova Scotia. He studied for the Bar and became by forty one of the leading lawyers of Canada. With no particular aptitude for the parliamentary life, no profound liking for it even, he rose to the premiership of the Dominion during the most critical period of its history through the gifts of hard work, close reasoning and a knack of keeping his party in hand, because a party is, after all, composed of men, creatures he understood without either illusions or cynicism. He began and remained in the larger scope of his work an imperialist. He opposed the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States in 1911 because he thought it would weaken the bonds of Empire. (Whether it would or not may still be the topic of passionate debate.) Soberly he pressed on Canada's pre-war contribution to Britain's naval strength. With considerable skill and persistence he forced through conscription against massed Liberal opinion. Britain had much to thank him for. And yet, in his personal as distinguished from his political reflexes, he seems very little British, in the sense of European British. One has but to read his conscientiously recorded, acute and somewhat humourless private verdicts upon the statesmen of the nations with whom he came in contact on this side to realise that here was somebody closer a good deal to Colonel House than to a Grey (let alone a Balfour), a Clemenceau or a Lloyd George; a loyal American member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, in short.

I Think Aloud in America. By ODETTE KEUN. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Inconsistent, monotonously vituperative and often trivial, this 349-page treatise on the character of New York, Washington and the American people nevertheless contains information of value. What makes Americans, ruled as they are by Big Business, consider America more democratic than other nations? In what way, indeed, is America more democratic? How is it that Roosevelt, termed dictator by the press of other nations, and violently attacked by nearly every American paper, carried forty-six States out of the forty-eight in the 1936 elections? To what extent are Jews discriminated against in the States—and how far is Nazi propaganda affecting the problem? Madame Keun answers these questions and many others with understanding. Most striking, perhaps, is her explanation of the ubiquitous and unending American references to "perfidious Albion." It is, of course, evident to anyone who knows America that England's repudiation of the war debt is one great cause. But why do we never hear anything of perfidious France, Poland, Italy, Germany *et al.*, who also repudiated their debts to the United States? The reason, according to Madame Keun, is this: European nations never enjoyed a reputation for probity in America. England alone was respected and admired as a fundamentally honest country. England was even loved in a subconscious sort of way as the majestic mother of America's Anglo-Saxon backbone. And consequently her repudiation of the war debt was not only a material betrayal; it was a bitter disillusionment—the discovery that the parent country is no better than her neighbours. This explanation of hard-headed Uncle Sam's resentment of England may seem too sentimental and idealistic for belief. But Americans *are* sentimental and they are idealistic.

The Wild Asses, a Journey Through Persia. By W. V. EMANUEL. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Emanuel toured Iran and Afghanistan with a party of students under the aegis of the N.U.S. This happy-go-lucky crowd of young people saw an amazing amount in a very short time and managed to get to places where no one else has succeeded in penetrating. Turkey, Iran, Iraq and even Afghanistan are in the throes of modernisation. The power politics and economic wars of Europe are very far away but their echo is felt even in the seclusion of Arabia. Iran went through much the same transformation as Turkey, strife, conquest and rejuvenation under the dynamic personality of Reza Khan who crowned himself on the throne of the Shahs. Iran is not under the domination of Russia or Britain but is subject to a great deal of German penetration by the usual technicians and traders. Afghanistan is in a less happy position, her population torn with fanatical outbursts that arrest her development. Mr. Emanuel seems to think that both countries will stand firm for their independence which with a little self interest support from Britain and Russia should be assured.

EASTER

Next week's issue (April 8) will be published one day earlier than usual.

About Motoring

A REMARKABLE EXPERIMENT

IF we in England could buy a Singer 10 h.p. two-door saloon for about £80; if it were untaxed; and if we could pay for it in two hundred and eight weekly or forty-eight monthly payments; how many citizens would become motor owners who at present stand no prospect of sampling that expensive but delightful hobby? (Be it noted that in this country a car of this type costs £169 10*s.*; is taxed at £7 10*s.* per annum, plus petrol tax; and can normally only be purchased by putting down a substantial percentage of its catalogue price either in cash or in the form of a used car, and completing the remainder of the cost in twelve monthly payments.) Nobody knows the answer to this question, but the parallel gives a rough notion of what will actually happen in Germany before the end of 1939 when the huge new factory at Fallersleben is completed, and begins to disgorge the first sample of the 200,000 Hitler Volkswagen which are alleged to have been ordered. Economists are furiously discussing the economics of the totalitarian States, and this latest Nazi enterprise should command their close attention when the necessary financial details are available. At present we have no information of a detailed character about the £ *s. d.* of this gigantic experiment. Possibly the 208 weekly payments will be forcibly deducted from wages by the State; possibly interest will be charged on the outstanding capital payments, so that a mere 8*s.* per week will not exhaust the deductions; possibly some statesmanlike provision covers such emergencies as unemployment and sickness; possibly not. Perhaps some cheap method of insurance has been devised; perhaps not. It is obvious that a small cheap car which has been roughly handled and casually maintained for a couple of years will be practically worthless after two years when 104 payments will still be due, so that compulsion in payment seems inevitable. It is obvious that if an artisan family pinch themselves to buy a Volkswagen, drive it into a tree, are not insured, but must keep on paying their 8*s.* or more per week until they have saved enough to reconstruct the buckled car, they are unlikely to remain contented citizens. Extending a survey outside the individual buyer and his purely personal problems, it is evident that the State production and State marketing of a 10 h.p. car listed at £80 or so is likely to terminate any private manufacture of similar cars to sell at, say £150, so that the Volkswagen must presently become Germany's only small car. It is conceivable that when the domestic market has been satisfied, the export of similar cars might become a very profitable enterprise indeed, until indignant nations erected high tariff walls against it. There is, of course, no mention of attempts to export the car; and so far as is known, the home orders already received would make export impossible before 1941. It is again conceivable that in the event of all available fuel supplies being required for military aeroplanes and army transport, the artisan would object rather violently to continuing his payments, especially if he still owed 150 weeks or more. Altogether, it is tolerably clear that the technical aspects of designing and building such a car are child's play compared to the extremely thorny job of financing it; and if the enterprise adds to the popularity of the Nazi regime, and converts Germany into a nation of motorists, Dr. Schacht or whoever planned the financial aspects will be entitled to more credit than Dr. Porsche, whose brain inspired the mechanical solutions.

Actually, the purely mechanical elements would not puzzle the staffs of any British factory engaged in the flow production of small cars. The Fallersleben factory will enjoy three assets never before at the disposal of any motor manufacturer in the world. First and foremost, no agents' commissions will be paid on retail sales, a fact responsible for an economy of at least 10 per cent. on the list price. Secondly, not a copper will be charged against the factory for publicity work. The Nazi press, the Nazi broadcasting stations, and every Nazi orator from the Führer downwards will trumpet the merits of the Volkswagen. Thirdly, the factory will manufacture a single chassis (at one time Lord Nuffield was marketing some twenty different models of all shapes and powers and prices); indeed, at the outset all Volkswagens will be painted exactly the same colour, though the hope of colour options exists when once the initial rush dies down. Only three types of body will be standardised, and the trio will have a great many bits in common. So there is nothing miraculous about the appearance of a 10 h.p. car at £80. Four or five British manufacturers could do it on their heads under similar conditions.

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Great Russell St., W.C.1. Telephones and free electric heating in all bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9*s.* 6*d.* per night. Illustrated Booklet and Inclusive Terms on application.

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WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5*s.* a night or 30*s.* weekly: with dinner, 6*s.* 6*d.* a night or 35*s.* to 2 *gns.* weekly. Vic. 7289.

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GEORGIAN Farmhouse offers ideal holiday in unspoilt country 13 miles Eastbourne. 300 acres, rough shooting, golf, tennis, riding. 3½ *gns.* BATTEN, Cralle Place, Vines Cross, Sussex. Tel.: Horeham Rd. 2.

CORNWALL, PENZANCE. Comfortable guest-house. Close sea; country. From 35*s.* "Westbourne," Alexandra Road. 'Phone: 896.

SANDOWN HOTEL, SANDOWN, I.W. Fully licensed. First-class family Hotel on the Sea Front. H. & C. all rooms. Billiards and Games Room. Garages. Modern and comfortable equipment. Moderate terms. Write MANAGERESS for illustrated brochure. Telephone: Sandown 72.

CORNWALL. Furnished bungalow. Charming situation. Near sea and P.O. Bathroom; suitable two. 20*s.* weekly. DODD, Borah Flower Farm, Lamorna, Penzance.

FRESHWATER, I.W. Comfortable apartments, old-world cottage. Secluded garden. Wonderful views. Near sea, Downs, buses. BRIDGER, "Windmill."

DARTMOUTH, Devon. Warfleet Creek Hotel. French management. French cooking. Comfortable. Moderate. 'Phone: 144.

CORNWALL. Comfortable Guest House in unspoilt Cornish village. Modern conveniences. Sea and country. Excellent cuisine. Yachting, boating, bathing, fishing. MISS GARLAND, Wellside, Polruan-by-Fowey.

ENGLISH LAKES. Reduced winter rates for comfortable and delightfully varied accommodation at Langdale Estate, including well-equipped furnished cottages with hot water and electric light. Squash Rackets Court. Café-Restaurant. Recreation Room. Booklet (N) from: LANGDALE ESTATE, Great Langdale, near Ambleside.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham. Convenient centre rail or road. Modernised throughout. Excellent cuisine. Terms from 3 guineas.

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Holiday Suggestions

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TORQUAY, SEASCAPE HOTEL. Beautifully situated; central position. Established 20 years. Southern aspect with full view of Torbay. Our reputation for good English fare has always been a noted feature. Individual diets studied. Hot and cold water. Radiators, gas or electric fires; central heating throughout. Lounges sunny and well heated. Comfortable beds. Hard tennis courts, croquet, miniature golf course, games' room. Garage, private park and gardens. Summer terms from 3½ *gns.* Considerable winter reduction on application. Resident Director: MRS. HARRISON.

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EXMOOR (Southern Slopes). A small country inn, fully licensed, for those who value absolute quiet and lovely surroundings. Good trout fishing in River Yeo close by. Riding. Good beds, excellent cooking. THE BLACK COCK HOTEL, Molland, nr. South Molton, Devon. Tel.: Bishops Nympton 72.

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RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

W. SUSSEX XVth-cent. Guest House. Warm, comfortable. Downs, ideal walking centre. ALLUM, Thatched Eaves, Bignor, Pulborough (Sutton 220.)

ASHDOWN FOREST. The Clock House, Nutley, Sussex. A delightful home; 14 bedrooms, hot and cold running water, private bathrooms, electric light. Large peaceful garden. Tennis. Own vegetables, chickens and eggs. Good cooking. Efficient service. Garage. Golf and riding. 'Phone: Nutley 96

NEW FOREST. Spend a pleasant Easter in a friendly atmosphere. Glorious country. Tennis and riding available. MR. LEONARD, The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge. Telephone: 2168.

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SOMERSET, Mendips. Anglo-French family take guests, 17th Cent. farmhouse, re-opening Easter. Tariff from 2½ *gns.* SUZANNE LAVER. Wyndhams House, Shepton Mallet, 57.

WYE VALLEY. Guest House and Craft Industry. Vegetarian diet. Barn House, Brockweir, Mon.

"RED TILES," Vegetarian Cottage Guest House in Sussex Weald. 65 High Street, Three Bridges.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 522

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS
Continued on page 511.

Gleneagles Hotel
PERTHSHIRE SCOTLAND
RE-OPENS APRIL 4th
Arthur Towle, *Controller*
hotels
RESTAURANT AND SLEEPING CAR EXPRESSES BY LMS

The car is admirably designed from the purely mechanical point of view. It will use No. 3 petrol; touch 70 m.p.h.; climb hills fast, cover forty-odd miles on a gallon of fuel; is extremely presentable in appearance; will seat four corpulent adults in tolerable comfort; accommodates more baggage than its British rivals of similar dimensions; and can be stored in a cold shed throughout the fiercest winter, for it contains no water at all. Its four-cylinder air-cooled engine is of the side-valve type, and is a little larger than a Morris Eight, though definitely smaller than our small nines and tens. It is mounted in the tail of the car, so that neither its heat nor noise discommodes the passengers. The cooling has been proved by prolonged tests in the German Alps, and depends mainly on a special lubricating system, employing an unusually large amount of oil which is kept cool by circulation. The bows of the car exhibit a really shapely bonnet, which is, of course, a dummy, and shrouds a capacious luggage locker, in which the spare wheel is stored. The finish is neither better nor worse than that which has characterised most Continental small cars in the past; that is to say, it is workmanlike rather than showy, and cannot be compared with that of cheap British cars. The equipment is complete and practical—four-speed gear box, dual screen wipers, traffic indicators, front bumper, admirable lamps, and so forth.

Unless and until German standards of living are vastly improved, the Volkswagen will never rank as accurately christened. It does not offer the faintest hope of fulfilling the slogan, "To every workman his own motor car." If licence, insurance, interest on unpaid instalments, fuel, storage, oil and replacements are included, the cars will cost their owners at least £1 per week to run; and even in a more prosperous Germany the number of workmen able to devote this sum to a single hobby must be numbered by thousands rather than millions. The car will, however, push the ability to own a motor lower down the wage scale than it has ever been pushed before. It may tend to create a new social stratum in Germany—the Volkswagenvolk—who finding life good, will tend to be conservative in politics, just as the British workman who is buying his own house through a building society tends to become less pink in his politics.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 474

Set by F. E. Widdas

The competitor is invited to let himself go (but not at greater length than 150 words on each) on what he considers (*a*) the most overrated, (*b*) the most underrated literary reputation. The usual prizes are offered.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Thursday, April 6th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 472

Set by William Whitebait

We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for the best broadsheet ballad on one of the following subjects: the Boat Race, Miss Gracie Fields, Mr. Chamberlain's gamp, the telephone directory, pin-table saloons, or the last tram in London. Maximum length, 24 lines.

Report by William Whitebait

Perhaps everyone who sets one of these competitions should be made to go in for it himself. I think I should have enjoyed doing a broadsheet, and curiously enough I should have chosen the subject no one else has. The telephone directory! That little-reviewed work has escaped the eye of all my competitors, who have preferred (in that order) gamps, Gracie Fields, the Boat Race, the last tram and even pin-table saloons.

The Gamp, of course, received first place, creating round itself a Valhalla of commonplaces. People let themselves go more, sentimentally, on Miss Gracie Fields. This, from Allan M. Laing, was the authentic note:

Our Gracie is a Rochdale lass
And leads the Rochdale hounds,
By one and all dubbed First Class
At making pleasant sounds.

Both the Boat Race and the Last Tram evoked a shout and a tear. B. Brew's *The Last Tram in London*—I had meant that, by the way, and not the last tram home—begins splendidly:

Terrestrial galleon of a vanished age!
Past symbol of the city's pride!

Pin-tables, too, came in for a lot of rosy light, from Bosun's:

Now boom the prime Pin-table Saloon,
O may it wax from moon to moon,

which went on to show a remarkably expert knowledge of *piles*, *Ach-Emils* and *Glishes*, to Madeleine Elsas'

Give all your hard-earned cash
For two'penny bits of trumpery
And threepenny bits of trash.
But luck, also, does quite a lot
To cheat you of your gain
And many a penny in the slot
Is parted with in vain. . . .

It has been difficult to allot the prizes. I think that the First Prize should be divided between Mr. Martin Walsh and Mr. Charles Furbank, whose entries are genuine broadsheet poems, and the Second between J. W. F. and Katherine Busvine who, though not in the strict manner, succeed brilliantly.

FIRST PRIZE (1)
ON LONDON BRIDGE

The Thames below is doubly dyed and damned;
Above with lurid smoke is crammed;
The one flows steaming foul as Charon's Styx:
Its poisonous vapours in the other mix,
These sable twins the murky city invest—
By them the skin's begrimed, the lungs oppressed.
How dear the penalty thus paid for wealth;
Obtained through wasted life and broken health;
The joyful Boat Race comes! that blessed day,
When all seem happy, and when all seem gay
Yes, it's Boat Race day.
Then toil seems to cease, and then rich and poor
Fly off to Henley or
The one his houseboat and a Morris keeps
The other squalid brother in a garret sleeps
Like high flaunting forest trees, low crouching weeds
The Boat Race to one is rest, the other ease.

MARTIN WALSH

FIRST PRIZE (2)
WILLIAM AND MAY MILLY

Now it was at Blackpool in the fall of the year
When the last lads from Burnley did sadly appear,
And soon round the golden pin-tables do hum
A-laughing and pinching young girls on the bum.

That Milly, May Milly, of beauty the queen,
Attracting cash custom might always be seen,
And foremost of those who did after her strive
Was William the proud cotton op-era-tive.

If she stood by the crane, he'd give many a twist,
Or if by the punch-ball, he'd wear out his fist,
And "Milly, May Milly," this young man would cry,
"If you will not love me I know I must die.

I've Brylcreem on my hair, piebald shoes on my feet,
My Trades Union chiefs think I'm thoughtful and neat,
And so if I'm never o'er eager or rash
At great Transport House I may yet cut a dash."

But she laughed as she gave him his Players and said,
"It's with the Proprietor I soon will be wed.
Oh Billy, he shines like a great neon star;
He's the one with the pin-tables strapped to his car."

"Alas that the Cotton Enable-ing Bill,"
Says William, "can now only serve me but ill.
Through you, you pin-table medusaring gal,
I must die in the loathly Grand Junction Canal."

CHARLES FURBANK

SECOND PRIZE (1)
THE BOAT RACE

The Cambridge president sent out
His annual invitation
To nine men from the other place
Of equal social station.

"Eight must be large," he said, "and strong,
And t'other like a gnome.
Cull them from Eton, Rugby, Stowe,
And e'en from Monkton Combe."

They hadna rowed a league—in fact
They hadna started rowing
When a wail went up from those on shore
To look where they were going.

Company Meeting

THE NATIONAL BANK OF INDIA

MR. R. LANGFORD JAMES' ADDRESS

THE ordinary general meeting of the National Bank of India Ltd. was held on March 27th at the Wesleyan Hall, Bishopsgate, London, Mr. R. Langford James (chairman of the company) presiding.

The Chairman said (in part): The aggregate figures of liabilities and assets are less by nearly £3,000,000 in comparison with those shown at the end of the previous year, and this is mainly accounted for by a decrease of about £2,500,000 in current, fixed deposit and other accounts. The low level to which the banks have been compelled to reduce deposit rates owing to the difficulty of finding profitable employment for their resources has had the effect of diverting money formerly in our hands to short-dated Government securities and other investments where more remunerative terms are obtainable. This may be a passing phase, and when the volume of trade is again on a scale requiring greater finance from the banks it should be possible to offer terms for deposits which will induce the return of money now perhaps temporarily withdrawn.

The net profits amount to £444,063 3*s.* 8*d.*, as compared with £465,861 16*s.* 8*d.* in the previous year. With £249,816 15*s.* 6*d.* brought in, the available amount is £693,879 19*s.* 2*d.* An interim dividend at the rate of 16 per cent. per annum less income-tax was declared in September last and the directors now recommend the payment of a final dividend at the same rate. These together will absorb £320,000 and we propose to add £50,000 to staff pension funds and to place £75,000 towards reduction of premises account, leaving £248,879 19*s.* 2*d.* to be carried forward to next account.

India showed a favourable trade balance in 1938 of Rs. 29.77 crores, helped thereto by net exports of gold to the value of £11,699,000. Trade recession, reflected to a considerable extent in the volume of imports, which began to make itself felt in the early part of the year, assumed such proportions that, had it not been for the timely steps taken to effect every possible economy, the Government of India's closing accounts would have shown a serious debit balance. The actual final deficit was Rs. 265 lakhs. These economies are to be continued in the year 1939-40, and the prospective deficit amounts to not more than Rs. 50 lakhs—a short fall which the yield from the doubling of the import duty on cotton is expected to cover.

I mentioned last year that the Bombay cotton industry, which was showing signs of improvement, from the profit-earning point of view, had experienced a setback in the shape of a 12 per cent. to 14 per cent. increase in its wages bill imposed at the instance of the local government. To compensate that Government for loss of revenue, caused by the imposition of prohibition, a 6½ per cent. sales tax on cotton goods and an increase in property tax are now being imposed. As the doubling of the cotton import duty by the Central Government will also affect working costs—though this refers principally to the mills manufacturing the finer counts—prospects for the industry cannot be described as bright. After some years of strenuous effort, agreement has at last been reached by the Indian Jute Mills Association under which working hours will be controlled during the next five years, to bring production into line with demand.

1938 was not as good a year as its predecessor for the tea industry, the quota released by the International Tea Committee being a little on the generous side. Still the great majority of companies should show fairly profitable working.

With regard to rubber, a continuance of the disturbing political conditions on the Continent was reflected in the general decline in the world demand for crude rubber.

The prosperity of Ceylon is still dependent on its three principal agricultural products, tea, rubber and coconuts, and with no certainty as to the future trend of the price of these commodities the question is being asked whether the growth of expenditure on schemes introduced by the State Council is not beyond the capacity of the island to bear.

Another matter which has been forced into public prominence in Ceylon is the proposal recently made to alter the currency system of the island. The proposal to part with the Government's holding of Indian rupees and substitute a currency based on a Ceylon rupee is one that does not appear to be justified by any experience tending to prove that a change is called for.

In Burma the rice crop, though of normal dimensions, suffered severely from unseasonable rains during the harvesting season, and prices were considerably lower than in the previous year. Prices of teak also declined. The oil industry suffered from labour troubles, and communal rioting during July-September had disturbing effects both on local trading and the general political situation; unfortunately these effects are still being felt.

There is not much change to report so far as conditions in East Africa are concerned.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

HALIFAX BUILDING SOCIETY

BRIG.-GEN. SIR E. N. WHITLEY'S ADDRESS

THE Eighty-Sixth Annual General Meeting of members of the Halifax Building Society was held on March 27th, in Halifax.

Brig.-Gen. Sir Edward N. Whitley, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., D.L., the President, in moving the adoption of the report and balance sheet, said: The year which ended on 31st January was full of anxiety to everyone who had the care of other people's money, and it is with profound gratitude that I record the steadiness with which our great Society met the shocks. To be able to say, as I can, that there was no pressure of withdrawals and that the business of the Society was carried on smoothly throughout the crisis, is a tribute no less to the steadfast character of our members than to the prudence of our policy for many years past of keeping a high proportion of our assets in a liquid form.

NEW MORTGAGES EXCEED £20,000,000

Turning now to the year's accounts you will see that the advances on new mortgages during the year amounted to £20,340,996, a little less than in 1937, but for the fifth year in succession overtopping the £20,000,000 mark. The number of new borrowers' accounts was 31,406, bringing the number of our borrowers' accounts to 250,916. The average amount of each advance was £647, and as our loans are granted on terms of regular repayments the average amount owing on each mortgage is only £419. The total amount now outstanding upon mortgages is £105,177,549.

The Society's mortgage accounts continue to be in a very satisfactory state; there are no properties to be reported in the Statutory schedule as being in possession for more than 12 months, and the actual losses during the year on a sum of over £100,000,000 are less than £44,000, which is a strong testimony to the care of our Surveyors and Valuers.

The liquid assets amount to £22,000,000 and are represented by cash in the Bank, Loans to Local Authorities repayable at early fixed dates and other gilt-edged securities. It is the strength of these liquid resources which enabled us to face the crisis in September without fear.

The total assets of the Society amount to £128,242,856, being an increase in the year of over £5,500,000. The number of accounts of investing shareholders and depositors increased during the year by 10,913 to a total of 484,180, so that the average holding of each of our investors is £252.

The total number of accounts is 735,096, an increase of 22,682.

The balance of profit for the year after making provision for all management expenses, Income Tax, National Defence Contribution, and interest due to depositors up to the date of the accounts, and for depreciation of Investments and Office premises, amounts to £3,222,614, to which has to be added the balance brought forward from last year of £66,167, making a total of £3,288,782, out of which the following appropriations have been made:—Interest to shareholders £2,652,076, Staff Superannuation Fund £50,000, and to the General Reserve Fund £400,000, making £3,102,076, leaving a sum of £186,705, from which the Directors have allocated, subject to confirmation at this meeting, a Bonus of 10*s.* per cent. to the Paid-up Shareholders Class 1, and a Bonus of £1 per cent. to the Monthly Subscription Investing Shareholders, which absorbs £120,614. The balance to be carried forward is £66,090, practically the same as last year.

The total Reserve Funds and Undivided Profits of the Society, including the £400,000 which the Directors have put aside this year, amount to no less than £5,466,090, or 4.26 per cent. of the assets of the Society.

THE GOVERNMENT AND WAR RISKS

The Government has announced through the Chancellor of the Exchequer the outline of a plan for dealing with the damage caused by enemy action, and while we are, as people largely interested in this question, grateful for the statement so far as it goes, we shall scrutinise with the utmost care the legislation which implements the promise.

So far as I have been able to understand the plan, the proportion of compensation to be paid will be highest in respect of the smallest properties. The wide distribution of our risks is in itself a great security against any very heavy loss from air raids, if unhappily the country has to suffer such calamities.

The subject of Compensation for War Damage is engaging the attention of the Building Societies' Association and through our two members on its Council, Sir Enoch Hill and Mr. David Smith, we shall do all we can to ensure that the Legislature is fair to the individual as well as to the community.

Suggestions have been made in some quarters recently that Societies have a responsibility of some kind for the quality of the materials and workmanship used in the properties upon the security of which they lend the funds entrusted to them by investors. It seems desirable to make clear that while quality of materials and workmanship, internal planning, elevations, estate layout and many other matters are factors which must be taken into account by the Society's Valuer when advising the Society, the responsibility for satisfying himself that the article he is purchasing is worth the money he proposes to pay for it rests, where it always has rested, with the purchaser.

The accounts were adopted.

For up the stream like a drunkard's dream,
In infra dig formation,
In caps of tweed at excessive speed,
Came two crews of the lowest station.

Dartmoor had challenged Pentonville
To meet them on the waters,
And each had brought (or so it seemed)
A million supporters.

As to which was which when the crash took place
There was no certain knowledge,
And to this hour we're not quite sure
Of some men at our college. J. W. F.

SECOND PRIZE (2)

GAMP

He thought the weather might be damp
And so he took along his gamp.
It was a lucky day for him
Because it lent a certain air
Of decency, however dim,
To everything that happened there.
The people cried, "He is no scamp!
Because, you see, he's got a gamp!"
For the gamp is a homely object
Which cuts but little dash
(Except in the hand of a Berkeley young man—
And then it is merely a flash in the pan.)
The gamp is honest and kindly
Accepted by all the clan—
But the gamp is a dangerous weapon
In the hands of a stupid man!

KATHERINE BUSVINE

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 326.—THE LOGOCRATS

"When I met old Toughwallah the other day," said Ginsling, "he was frightfully bucked because he'd just been elected to the Logocrats."

"The Logocrats? What are they?"

"Oh, it's rather a posh dining club, you know. White man's burden, and all that sort of thing. There aren't very many members."

"Are you one, Ginsling?"

"Oh, yes, I'm one. I'm number 545."

"Number 545! Then there must be quite a large membership."

"No there isn't. The numbers are only a blind, my dear Chota-Pegg. Old Punkah was elected next after me, his number was 1020; and then came Toughwallah, he was number 1353. There hasn't been anyone else elected since Toughwallah, but of course if you like to join I'll put you up."

Chota-Pegg was duly elected. What was his number?

PROBLEM 324.—AFTER THE SNOOKER GAME

(*Solution by Peter C. Williams.*)

Let there be b black balls, w whites, and u blues.

The conditions will be fulfilled when

$$\frac{(b)\,(b-1)\,(b-2)\,(w)}{3.2} = \frac{(b)\,(b-1)\,(u)\,(u-1)}{2.2}$$

or $2(b-2)\,(w) = 3(u)\,(u-1)$

Substituting values of 2 to six for u the equation is true for the following combinations of colours:

3 blacks 3 whites 2 blues leaving 4 reds
5 ,, 1 ,, 2 ,, ,, 4 ,,
5 ,, 3 ,, 3 ,, ,, 1 red

There are therefore 4 *red balls in the bag* (*or, alternatively, a single red ball*).

PROBLEM 323.—ALICE'S PARTY

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: R. W. Jones, 2 Knowsley Road, Fishponds, Bristol.

Four points are awarded. CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

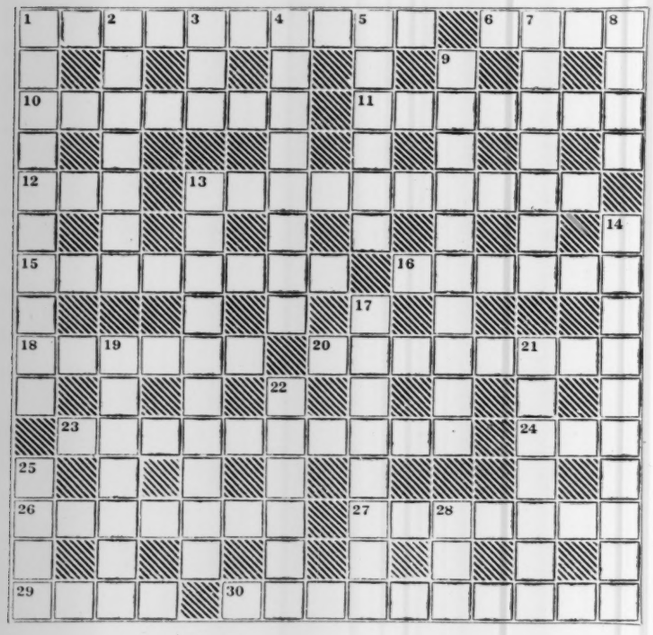
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 473

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Mr. C. Williams, Worthing House, Amesbury, Wilts

ACROSS

1. Kind of ill-temper (10)
6. Presage to male population. (4)
10. Girls with their heads screwed on? Very spicy. (7)
11. One in three as it were. (7)
12. Photographic impossibility. (3)
13. Situation for those who are strung up perhaps. (10)
15. Provided with little loaves? (8)
16. There's something fishy about the European who takes an article. (6)
18. The sort of seat that you perch on? (6)
20. Barbaric Acid, one might think. (8)
23. She makes up the stuff. (10)
24. Gives pages black looks. (3)
26. Pride of Juno. (7)
27. Get on and cycle round (7)
29. Another name for the Red Sea? (4)
30. The coloured gentleman's charge is on the lawn. (10)

DOWN

1. "His intimate friends called him ——." (10)
2. What clothing does at long last? (7)
3. Plead with a woman. (3)
4. Characteristic attitude of the R.N.V.R. to the R.N. (8)
5. The ladies' tee must be included. (6)
7. It will house about 50 in France. (7)
8. The Port of London Authority takes them for skylights (4)
9. Make the artist tight? (10)
13. The Prime Minister went not back to the pilgrim. (10)
14. Such people cannot leg it straight off. (10)
17. The sort of pain that double work gives one. (8)
19. Fish on the boat-house. (7)
21. Here you get to the very root of the matter, Oh Mirza. (7).
22. You see him puffing and blowing. (6)
25. One can get it in a china shop, although it's only stone. (4)
28. Trigonometrical lettuce. (3)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

B	■	A	■	B	■	I	G	N	O	R	A	N	C	E
A	N	N	U	A	L	■	O	■	R	■	D	■	H	■
D	■	G	■	N	■	E	V	E	N	M	O	N	E	Y
D	R	E	D	G	E	■	E	■	A	■	R	■	V	■
R	■	L	■	O	X	E	R	■	T	O	E	C	A	P
E	F	F	O	R	T	■	N	E	E	D	S	■	L	■
A	■	I	■	■	R	■	M	■	■	I	■	U	■	E
M	U	S	I	C	A	L	E	V	E	N	I	N	G	S
S	■	H	■	H	■	■	N	■	A	■	■	D	■	P
■	L	■	C	A	B	O	T	■	S	E	R	E	N	E
F	I	G	A	R	O	■	W	H	E	N	■	R	■	R
■	T	■	N	■	W	■	H	■	D	A	H	L	I	A
S	T	O	C	K	W	H	I	P	■	B	■	I	■	N
■	L	■	A	■	O	■	P	■	P	L	A	N	E	T
P	E	N	N	Y	W	I	S	E	■	E	■	E	■	O

Company Meeting

ERICSSON TELEPHONES

Mr. T. KIRKHAM'S ADDRESS.

THE Annual General Meeting of Ericsson Telephones, Ltd., was held on March 29th at Kingsway Hall, London, W.C.

Mr. T. Kirkham (managing director) presided in the absence in America of Sir Harold Wernher, the chairman, and read a speech prepared by him, which stated that it was a matter for congratulation that, notwithstanding the disturbed conditions that had prevailed throughout the past year, the company had emerged in a stronger position than ever. The order book had again been a record one, and the careful planning of the preceding years had enabled them to achieve a much greater output. It was appropriate to report that during the past few years their output had trebled and they now had upwards of 4,500 employees, all working full time. That was particularly noteworthy inasmuch as the company had been employed, in the main, upon their normal activities and not upon so-called war work. He was always particularly glad when he could state, as he could on this occasion, that their sales abroad had again shown a substantial increase, and every effort was made to expand these.

Every year since 1933 it had been his happy privilege to report an ever-growing volume of trade, and he saw every reason why this should continue. The work upon which the company was chiefly engaged was one of the most important in the country. The present efficient condition of the telephone service of the country was due in no small measure to the foresight of the Post Office in instituting 11 years ago a co-operative system between itself and the principal makers of telephone exchange plant.

As might be expected from a record turnover, the net profit was also a record, being £161,293 (which included £5,579 dividends received from a subsidiary company) as compared with £148,704 for 1937. Everyone was conscious of the clouds which threatened the international horizon, but this at least they could say, that whatever the future held, their company would meet it in a strong and healthy condition. They again had a record volume of orders in hand with splendid prospects of further large contracts. Their factory plant was thoroughly modern and was eminently suitable for other work of national importance should necessity arise.

The report was adopted and the dividend of 18 per cent., free of tax, plus a bonus of 7 per cent., free of tax, was approved.

20 for 1/4D

WILLS'S

THREE CASTLES

CIGARETTES

10 for 8D 15 for 1/- 50 for 3/3D 100 for 6/4D

Handmade:—20 for 1/6

One expects to pay a little more for a cigarette of such excellent Quality.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. T.T.195DR

Company Meeting

CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA AND CHINA

MR. A. D'ANYERS WILLIS'S ADDRESS

THE 85th ordinary general meeting of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China was held on March 29th, at 38, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

Mr. A. D'ANYERS WILLIS (the chairman), in the course of his address, said: Our net profits for the year amount to £335,309, against £491,065 a year ago, a decrease of approximately £156,000, and I would also point out, although possibly it is quite unnecessary, that the figure of £335,309 includes a transfer from contingencies account to meet depreciation on Government securities. I shall now endeavour to explain to you the adverse factors that have brought about this reduction in profits.

There has been a decreased volume of trade in various spheres where we operate, but it is the deteriorating business conditions in China and Japan that have been our chief concern. With regard to the introduction of a new currency into North China, and the endeavour to force unwilling traders to confine their finance dealings to Japanese banks in the new currency, this is a portent of interference with normal trading which we cannot ignore in relation to the future success of our business in China, and particularly North China.

Further, during the last two years there has been a very substantial fall in the price of Government securities, of which our holdings, as I have mentioned in previous years, consist largely of short-dated stocks. Here again it is not possible to be optimistic about the future.

With these considerations in view your directors, after making the necessary provision for bad and doubtful accounts out of current profits, decided that the current profits for the year should be charged with the amount required to write down securities to market value and to transfer from contingencies account the balance required to provide for the proposals submitted to you.

I need hardly say how much my fellow directors, the management and I regret the proposal of a reduced dividend, but I am sure that our conservative policy will, in the circumstances, receive your full approval. I sounded a note of warning in my speech last year, and the reduction of our interim dividend from 7 per cent. to 5 per cent. in September was, therefore, probably not altogether a surprise to you.

You will observe in the balance sheet against our holding of P. and O. Banking Corporation, Ltd., shares a note stating that "A contract has been entered into for the purchase of the undertaking of the P. and O. Banking Corporation, Ltd., with effect from February 1, 1939." You will, I feel sure, be glad to learn that practically the whole of the business hitherto conducted by the P. and O. Bank has been transferred to the Chartered Bank, and this accretion to the volume of our business will, I hope, prove of considerable value to this bank in the future. The P. and O. Bank acquired in 1921 23,403 (93½ per cent.) of the Ordinary shares in the Allahabad Bank, Ltd., and these are now being transferred into the name of the Chartered Bank.

Money conditions in India during the year were easy. In May the Government of India successfully floated a large Rupee loan, the terms being 3 per cent. at 98, repayable at par 1963-65. This reflects the excellent state of the Government of India's credit. As regards the external trade of India, the recession begun in 1937 continued last year. In June, however, business seemed to take a turn for the better, but the international political situation later on prevented material progress.

The largest factor in the decline in exports was a big decrease in raw cotton exports to Japan. I may add that this adversely affected our own turnover. Another item of India's external trade, in the finance of which we have been keenly interested for many years, is the import of Lancashire cotton piece goods. The value of this continues to decline, and reached the paltry total of £4,570,000 only in 1938.

Since I addressed you a year ago the situation in the Far East has deteriorated considerably from the standpoint of British trade and finance in China. The struggle between China and Japan has continued along an ever-widening front, and after a year and a half of pitiless combat, widespread destruction and economic dislocation an enduring settlement seems to be as far off as ever. The Central Provinces remain devastated and depopulated, and the whole of that once prosperous area has ceased to be an outlet for constructive international trade.

I would like to make brief reference to the new Anglo-American Trade Agreement. Now here is an endeavour by two great communities to improve and simplify the conditions that govern the interchange of commodities in order that trade may be encouraged and developed, and so bring material advantages to all concerned. There is, I think, a rapidly growing recognition of the fact that international trade cannot be one-way traffic; its benefits must be reciprocal, and if the world could only settle down I am sure that we should see an extension of these trade agreements in other spheres.

The Report was unanimously adopted.

At a subsequent extraordinary general meeting proposals for the renewal of the Bank's Charter were submitted in the form of a resolution, which was carried unanimously.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

GILT-EDGED WEEK—SHIPPING SHARES AND THE SUBSIDY—TIN OUTLOOK—BUILDING SOCIETY LAW

THE week in the stock markets began with the sharp decline which usually precedes a coming German coup. Poland's turn was considered to be uncomfortably close at hand. Gilt-edged stocks were particularly heavy, and when War Loan dipped to 95, some market experts considered that a "minimum price" régime was not far off. However, on Wednesday afternoon, after the announcement of the doubling of the Territorial Forces, the market took heart and recovered most of the day's losses. The decline this week had been marked by an extreme paucity of business in every market except the gilt-edged. Even the fresh slump in Wall Street was accompanied by a relatively small volume of turnover. Some of the Wall Street "bulls" are now inclined to write off the American spring recovery in view of the disturbing situation in Europe. Certainly, in the event of war, Wall Street equity stocks will immediately slump as badly as those on the London Stock Exchange. But, taking the longer view, I can see a wide range of American equities profiting from war in Europe—particularly such armament equities as Bethlehem Steel, Dupont, Sperry Corporation and Standard Oil of New Jersey—whereas industrial equities in Great Britain will have to face heavier taxation, increased costs and perhaps limitation of dividends.

* * *

The Government's proposed five-year subsidy of £2,750,000 a year for tramp shipping, which is discussed on another page, had the effect of raising the market prices of shipping shares to some extent, but did not induce any new buying for investment. Tramp shipping shares have long since ceased to be "investments." The new subsidy is not to be used for dividends: it is intended to encourage the shipowners to proceed with the international laying-up scheme which was discarded last year and to meet any further decline in freights. It may, however, have the effect of immediately weakening freight rates. The outlook for international trade in the present circumstances is so bad that I would rather sell than buy tramp shipping shares even after the severe fall they have suffered:

	High Price, 1938	Present Price	Last Div. Paid %	Gross Yield % on Last Div.
Clan Line £1	£7½	£5	20	4 0 0
Court Line 6/8	30/-	13/6	*23⅓	4 18 9 on 10% est. div.†
Elder Dempster Lines Holdings £1	28/6	23/-	9	7 16 6
France Fenwick £1 ..	28/3	22/9	7½	6 11 9
King Line £1	26/4½	19/6	8	8 4 0
Royal Mail Lines £1 ..	23/7½	17/6	5	5 2 6

* Equivalent dividend on increased capital.

† The interim dividend has been reduced from 5% to 3¾%.

Clan, Court and King Lines have not announced their results for 1938, but of the three only Clan had a wide margin of earnings to cover its last dividend, which the market fully discounts. France Fenwick was able to pay 7½ per cent. in respect of 1938 mainly because of its large holding in Yorkshire Amalgamated Collieries. Royal Mail Lines showed earnings of 10.3 per cent. in 1938 to cover its 5 per cent. dividend. None of the yields, actual or potential, appear to me attractive.

* * *

The market reaction to last week's April-June quota decision by the International Tin Committee has been a rise of approximately £2 per ton in the price of standard tin. This advance—provided that the international crisis does not seriously check the recent recovery of tin-plate production here and in the U.S.A.—seems justified by the prospective statistical position. The second quarter quota is to be 40 per cent., as compared with 45 per cent. in January-March, but the whole of the reduced quota will be available for the market, whereas 10 per cent. of last quarter's quota went to the buffer pool. On the other hand, though the free quota is thus raised by 5 per cent., the Committee have received assurances that over-exports, amounting to over 7,000 tons at the end of February and deriving mainly from Bolivia and the Belgian Congo, will be eliminated within the next six months. That being so, the effective quota coming on the market in April-June will be nearer 35 than 40 per cent. Including exports from the non-restricting countries, fresh supplies this quarter should not greatly exceed 25,000 tons, while consumption should total at least 35,000 tons. The Committee, I understand, was urged by some interests to authorise an increase in the buffer stock beyond the 15,000 tons sanctioned maximum, which will be reached by the end of April. The decision to negative this proposal was wise. So long as supplies were accumulating in the buffer pool, consumers both in the United States and this country were inclined to let their private stocks run down, thus increasing visible supplies, with a consequent depressing effect on the price.

* * *

The Bill which the Government have introduced to amend the Building Societies' Act is designed in the main to put beyond dispute the legality of advances secured in part on builders' collateral. The first clause is retrospective and declares that before the commencement of the new Act a Society shall be deemed always to have had power to take collateral security into account in determining the amount of an advance on real estate. This power is to be continued in the future, with the provisos (1) that the collateral must be of an approved type, and (2) the Society must notify the borrower in writing of the amount of any "excess advance" secured upon third party collateral. Rules are also made as to the nature and extent of the collateral which builders must deposit in respect of a "continuing arrangement" for excess advances—i.e., in the financing of a series of houses in a new building estate. So far, so good; the Bill should go far to prevent any tendency to stretching imprudently the "builder's pool" system. The Government have not incorporated Miss Ellen Wilkinson's suggestion that a loan by a Society, after survey, should carry with it an implied warranty that the house is sound and habitable. They have endeavoured, instead, to get away with a curious compromise which appears to be fraught with possibilities of litigation. Clause 4 enacts that a Society, in making an advance, shall be deemed—unless it gives notice in writing to the contrary—to warrant to the borrower that the purchase price is "reasonable." The Clause may be rendered inoperative by always giving the specified disclaimer. But suppose such notice is not given, what is a "reasonable" price? Can a Society say to a purchaser who complains that the ceilings crack: "Well, what could you reasonably expect for £600?"

CUMULATIVE INVESTMENT TRUST

This Trust adds to the usual benefits of a Unit Trust the safety secured by reserve fund accumulation. It pays five-sixths of the income every half year to the unit holders and reinvests one-sixth for their benefit. By this method it gives unit holders advantages of compound interest, as the growing reserve fund increases the capital value and revenue of the Trust.

£100 invested in 1912 in the thirty-seven largest dividend-paying companies in the different fields of British Industry, and managed on the lines of this Trust, would at the end of 1937 have been worth upwards of £258. Without reserve fund accumulation it would have been worth £214.

The fund is invested in the ordinary shares of the best British industrial companies.

On the basis of current prices and distributions the anticipated yield exceeds £5 2 9 per cent. This would mean an initial distribution to unit holders at the rate of £4 5 8 per cent. gross per annum, and the allocation of the equivalent of 17/1 per cent. to reserve.

Trustees:
MIDLAND BANK EXECUTOR & TRUSTEE CO. LTD.

Units may be bought and sold through any Stockbroker or Bank. Current price (Mar. 28) 17/6. A descriptive booklet may be obtained from any Stockbroker or Bank, The Trustees, or from the Managers:

ALLIED INVESTORS FIXED TRUSTS LTD.

Chairman: Hartley Withers

165 MOORGATE, LONDON, E.C.2. (NATional 4931)

CVS—17

Company Meeting

ASSOCIATED PORTLAND CEMENT MANUFACTURERS

SIR MALCOLM STEWART ON GROWTH OF GROUP'S ACTIVITY

THE fortieth annual general meeting of Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers, Ltd., was held on Thursday in Westminster, London.

SIR P. MALCOLM STEWART, BT., O.B.E., D.L., LL.D. (chairman of the company) presided.

The chairman first dealt with the balance sheet, and continued (in part):—

The profit on trading amounts to £1,070,381 and includes the sum due for compensation receivable under the working agreement with the British Portland Cement Manufacturers, Ltd.; it compares with £1,054,591 in the previous year, an increase of £15,790.

Interest and dividends on investments at £590,024 show an increase of £50,663, mainly accounted for by the inclusion of the year's dividend of 10 per cent. from Alpha Cement, Ltd., and of an interim dividend of 10 per cent. from the Tunnel Portland Cement Company, Ltd. We received reduced returns from certain of the overseas works in which we are interested. The income earned on the total of trade and liquid investments is approximately 16½ per cent. The total revenue for the year at £1,661,209 compares with £1,594,828, an increase of £66,381.

On the debit side of the profit and loss account you will see that the only notable difference is the placing of £60,000 to general reserve. There remains a balance of profit of £940,306, which compares with £934,228 in the previous year. Of this sum there has already been paid the half-year's Preference dividend of £68,750 and an interim dividend at 7½ per cent. on the increased Ordinary stock, absorbing £300,000, leaving a balance of £571,556. We are, therefore, able to recommend the payment of the final dividend on the Preference stock and of a final dividend on the Ordinary stock of 12½ per cent., making 20 per cent. for the year, which compares with 22½ per cent. paid last year. There will then remain a balance of £2,806 to be added to the carry-forward, which will thus stand at £208,699.

BASIS OF INDUSTRY'S PROSPERITY

Several factors have operated to bring our industry out of adversity into prosperity. In the first place, cement manufacturers have had to learn through hard experience the lessons of adversity. This has undoubtedly helped common sense to prevail and encouraged the spirit of give and take. During the past 30 years there has been a varying degree of co-operation. There have been trials and errors, but from the efforts made there has always emerged something constructive which has strengthened the common faith in the cause of co-operation. Government assistance has not been sought to put our house in order; it has been an effort of self-help.

A high degree of efficiency has been procured in respect of production, but for some time there have been weaknesses, which have been a matter of common knowledge, with regard to distribution and selling of Portland cement. The liaison between our group of companies and the Tunnel Company made some twelve months ago is working well. It has directly contributed to the possibility of making more orderly the somewhat chaotic selling conditions. What is now sought is the provision of a similar plan to benefit the industry as a whole and, as opportunity affords, the consumer. This should, of course, give a more complete control of the price at which cement is sold. More effective control, if obtained, need not of itself be a matter for objection.

The true issue that arises is whether control will be wisely used to the advantage of all interested, including the consumer. I maintain there is no warrant for the assumption that the position will be misused in view of our past record and known determination to encourage construction of all description by the fixing of prices at as low a figure as is reasonable.

REDUCTION IN COSTS SINCE 1925

If the cost and the net home prices per ton realised in 1925 are represented by 100 then our total cost of production has come down from 100 in 1925 to 68 in 1938, that is to say we have effected a reduction in cost of 32 per cent. on every ton manufactured. I think you will agree that this is a very satisfactory achievement, bearing in mind the advance in prices of materials required for maintenance and manufacture, as well as the increase of wages paid to our employees, whose improved conditions of service I will refer to later.

Now with regard to the consumer, taking the average net price per ton obtained in 1925 as 100, the 1938 average price received from him was only 66 per cent. of what he paid us in 1925, a reduction of 34 per cent. as compared with 14 years ago. Thus in addition to giving away the saving in the cost of production on each ton sold in the home market, we have given the consumer a bonus of 2 per cent.

Last year the margin of profit earned per ton was only 61 per cent. of that earned in 1925, a decrease of 39 per cent. It goes without saying that it would not have been possible for us to have reduced our prices to the consumer so substantially and made more recently overdue improved returns to our stockholders had we not been successful in marketing a much larger tonnage.

Reverting to our reduction in cost of manufacture I should like to stress the fact that this reduction has not been obtained in any way at the expense of our employees. Since 1925 increases in wages amounting to 8s. per week have been granted and wages are now about 16 per cent. higher than they were in that year; all our employees have for twenty years enjoyed a week's annual holiday with pay and for eleven years a profit-sharing bonus scheme. More recently contributory pension schemes have been instituted. The amounts paid out by the companies under these two schemes have not been included in calculating the percentage of decrease in our manufacturing costs, but if they had been included therein the bonus paid to the consumer would have been still further increased.

The published prices for Portland cement usually quoted are those to the consumer at destination. A fact often insufficiently appreciated is that from these prices heavy deductions have to be made before the net price at works can be arrived at. These deductions embrace such items as freight and handling, merchants' rebate, deferred rebate, discount and bags. These charges vary according to method of distribution and distance of transport, but under favourable circumstances they represent 30 per cent., and in some circumstances 45 per cent., of the price charged to the consumer at destination.

POLICY AMPLY JUSTIFIED

I have spoken of industrial organisations and now I will say something of combines. Speaking after many years of industrial experience, during which I have fought both against and for combines, I am convinced the advantages envisaged have amply accrued, and that, generally speaking, combines render a greater service to the community than would be obtainable from the aggregated individual service of the component firms which form them. Investigation will, I believe, show that this is true. Labour, in particular, has benefited. Wages, rates of pay and conditions of work in combines are found to be of a higher standard.

A.R.P.

It has been represented to me that I should urge the claims of concrete in connection with A.R.P. work. I must decline to do so since it has been publicly stated that the whole question of the provision of deep and other forms of shelters is receiving close consideration. The experts are at work and the Cement and Concrete Association has offered its services. Certain aspects of the problems involved are not simple, and a decision must be awaited with patience.

With regard to the present serious international situation, I venture to offer a suggestion; it relates to an aspect which has perhaps been somewhat overlooked. Should not the Government, the Churches and the Press bring more influence to bear in the teaching of what will be primarily required now that aerial warfare would bring the horrors of war into our homes? Let these authorities clearly tell every citizen that his first duty is to show the same calm courage and fortitude as was so gloriously displayed by our officers and men in the Great War.

Is it fair play between man and man to place responsibility of service only on those willing and ready to do their duty? If our people did but realise the menace which hangs over them they would rise and say arms alone will not suffice and demand what I term democratic service as their unhesitating answer to the tyranny which threatens peace and liberty.

NEED FOR DEMOCRATIC SERVICE

Democracy will not survive on the merits of its past achievements, however great, but only through its courage in adapting itself to the necessities of to-day. Would not a period of democratic service strengthen the true spirit of democracy, help to lessen invidious class distinctions and, above all, give that sense of comradeship which was born in the war and survives to-day in the British Legion? Why wait for war to light again what peace can kindle now? Why should not the unemployed youth, the son of the village blacksmith and the peer's son together take up their turn of work for the State?

Of course, some will say I am driving in the thin edge of conscription. How we love to hug our old bogys so that we can conjuré up terrors with them, as witchcraft in olden days. No! I seek to help to drive out fear that cramps progress and hinders fair play by advocating the institution, while peace permits, of democratic service and thus now secure a degree of national discipline and fitness which could not be attained hastily on the inevitable enactment of conscription should a state of emergency be declared. Let us relearn the meaning of Nelson's immortal words: "England expects every man to do his duty."

At all our factories adequate air raid precaution work is proceeding and will shortly be completed, in such a way as to afford protection and first-aid treatment, for all headquarters staff and employees likely to be on duty in an emergency.

The opportunity is being taken of demonstrating the use and value of our products in the construction of shelters. The cost of the work undertaken for our group of companies is estimated to be in the region of £60,000.

CURRENT YEAR'S TRADING

We have not made such a good start as we did last year. Our home trade deliveries are down. After making allowance for the unfavourable weather early experienced there is evidence that the demand has fallen off, although it has started to pick up as is usual at this time of the year.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE AND BURMA CIVIL SERVICE (CLASS I).

The entry for the Indian Civil Service and for the Burma Civil Service (Class I) closes this year on April 11th. The recruitment of Europeans will be partly by selection and partly by written competitive examination. A candidate is at liberty to apply for appointment by both methods, but a separate form must be used for each. Forms may be obtained from the Services Department at the India Office or from the Appointments Boards of Universities in the British Isles. The age limits are 21-24 on August 1st. Candidates for appointment by selection without written examination must have taken a good Honours Degree, but those who are sitting for their Final Honours Schools this year may be admitted provisionally. Full particulars can be had by applying to the Services Department at the India Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

INDIA OFFICE,
February, 1939

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

JOINT COMMITTEE OF THE UNIVERSITY AND THE WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

RESIDENT STAFF TUTORSHIPS FOR EXTRA-MURAL EDUCATION

Applications are invited for two probationary appointments of Staff Tutors for adult education, at a commencing salary of £300 per annum, with superannuation benefits, commencing on September 1st, 1939. The tutors appointed will be responsible for the development of adult education in Herefordshire and in part of Shropshire, and will take up their work on September 1st, 1939.

Candidates should be qualified to take classes in Literature, Science or the Social Sciences.

Two copies of applications, stating the subjects in which the applicant is qualified, should be forwarded to reach the Director of Extra-Mural Studies, the University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, not later than April 19th, 1939. Applications may be accompanied by copies of not more than three testimonials, or by the names of not more than three persons to whom reference may be made.

Further particulars may be obtained from

The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3. C. G. BURTON, Secretary.

March, 1939.

CORPORATION OF GLASGOW

ART GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS DEPARTMENT

The Corporation invite applications for the position of Director of Art Galleries and Museums. The salary fixed for the position is £800, rising to £1,200 per annum by increments of £100 every two years, with free house, coal and light.

Applicants must be over 30 and under 50 years of age, must possess a thorough knowledge and experience of Art and must be prepared as one of the duties of the position to deliver lectures on various branches of Art as the Corporation may require.

The person appointed will be required to join the Superannuation Scheme and upon selection be required to pass a Medical Examination by a Medical Officer appointed by the Corporation. The superannuation contribution of 5 per cent. per annum is deducted from the above salary.

The appointment will be held during the pleasure of the Corporation.

Applications giving details of age, qualifications, training and experience, with three testimonials and references to three persons of position, should be lodged with the Subscriber not later than May 1st next.

Applicants may, if they please, send 24 copies of their applications and testimonials.

City Chambers, Glasgow. March, 1939. WILLIAM KERR, Town Clerk.

THE SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL AND AFRICAN STUDIES (University of London) invites applications from British-born subjects for a Senior Lectureship in Turkish at a salary of £450 per annum, duties to commence at the earliest possible date. Applications, which may be accompanied by three testimonials, should state age, qualifications and experience. A form of application may, if desired, be obtained from the SECRETARY, School of Oriental and African Studies, Vandon Street, London, S.W.1, who should receive all applications not later than May 5th, 1939.

RESPECTABLE person required, help daughter with house, invalid mother, good home, small salary. Hastings. Box 4557.

TEMPORARY work few weeks or month wanted by young woman (27). LL.B., thoroughly trained and competent shorthand-typist, etc. Varied experience. Law, political or literary work preferred. £5 per week. Box 4540.

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN couple (ages 41 and 36) seek post in household. Man knows butler duties. Capable electrician. Wife excellent cook. Good London references. Write SIMON, 10 Adamson Road, N.W.3.

FRENCH-SWISS lady (26), permanent permit, fluent English, German, secretarial experience in private household and office, requires situation. Box 4525.

YOUNG woman seeks interesting work. Voluntary or expenses paid. Secretarial and organising experience. Would co-operate in expansion of political (Left-wing) refugee or journalistic undertakings. Box 4520.

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN refugee, widow (about 45), special experience in dietetics, reliable housekeeper, can look after delicate persons, urgently requires position. Box 4552.

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● **One of to-day's problems** is that of making the best use of leisure. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree; not merely for the resultant material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation.

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MAN (33) wants work urgently; political, journalistic, literary collaboration, research. Fluent German, Scandinavian, French. Interests: foreign affairs, ideologies, military science, geo-politics. Box 4558.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

EMERGENCY CONFERENCE ON CO-OPERATION WITH RUSSIA FOR PEACE

March 31st and April 1st, Friends' House, Euston Road. All-Party Meeting, Friday, March 31st, 8 p.m. Chairman: Lord Snell. Speakers: Miss Aline MacKinnon, Vyvyan Adams, M.P., D. N. Pritt, K.C., M.P. Paul Robeson will sing.
Tickets: 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s. and 6d.
DELEGATE CONFERENCE: Saturday, April 1st, 3 to 6.30 p.m.
National Speakers representing all Parties, and Trade Union Leaders.
All organisations invited to send delegates.
Visitors' tickets, 1s.
NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP WITH U.S.S.R., 21 Soho Square, W.1. Gerrard 5318.

THE ORDER OF THE GREAT COMPANIONS, 30 Montague Street, W.C. (near British Museum). Meetings on Sundays at 11 a.m. Minister-General: REV. WILL HAYES. April 2nd: "A College of Light."

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, April 2nd, at 11 a.m., R. H. S. CROSSMAN, M.A.: "PRACTICAL MORALITY." 6.30 p.m., Concert Chamber Music. Admission free. Visitors welcome.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, April 2nd, at 11 a.m., MRS. FLEMMING: "THE LABOUR SHORTAGE IN GERMANY." 6.30 p.m., DR. PRYNS HOPKINS: "THE ETHICAL PATH AS ILLUMINATED BY THE POETS."

SEX EDUCATION CENTRE, 13 Eccleston Street, S.W.1. Consultations, 1s.; Library books, 2d. Catalogue, 6d. Open Mondays, 7–9 p.m. Visitors welcomed.

SEX EDUCATION SOCIETY. "PROBLEMS ARISING OUT OF THE NEW DIVORCE LAW," P. R. KIMBER. Chairman: Dr. Norman Haire. Monday, April 3rd, 8 p.m., at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Members free. Non-Members, 2s. Tickets may be obtained at Hall on evening of lecture.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

EXPERT advice given on the choice of Progressive Boarding Schools. CICELY C. WRIGHT, LTD., 50 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

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SCHOOLS—continued

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